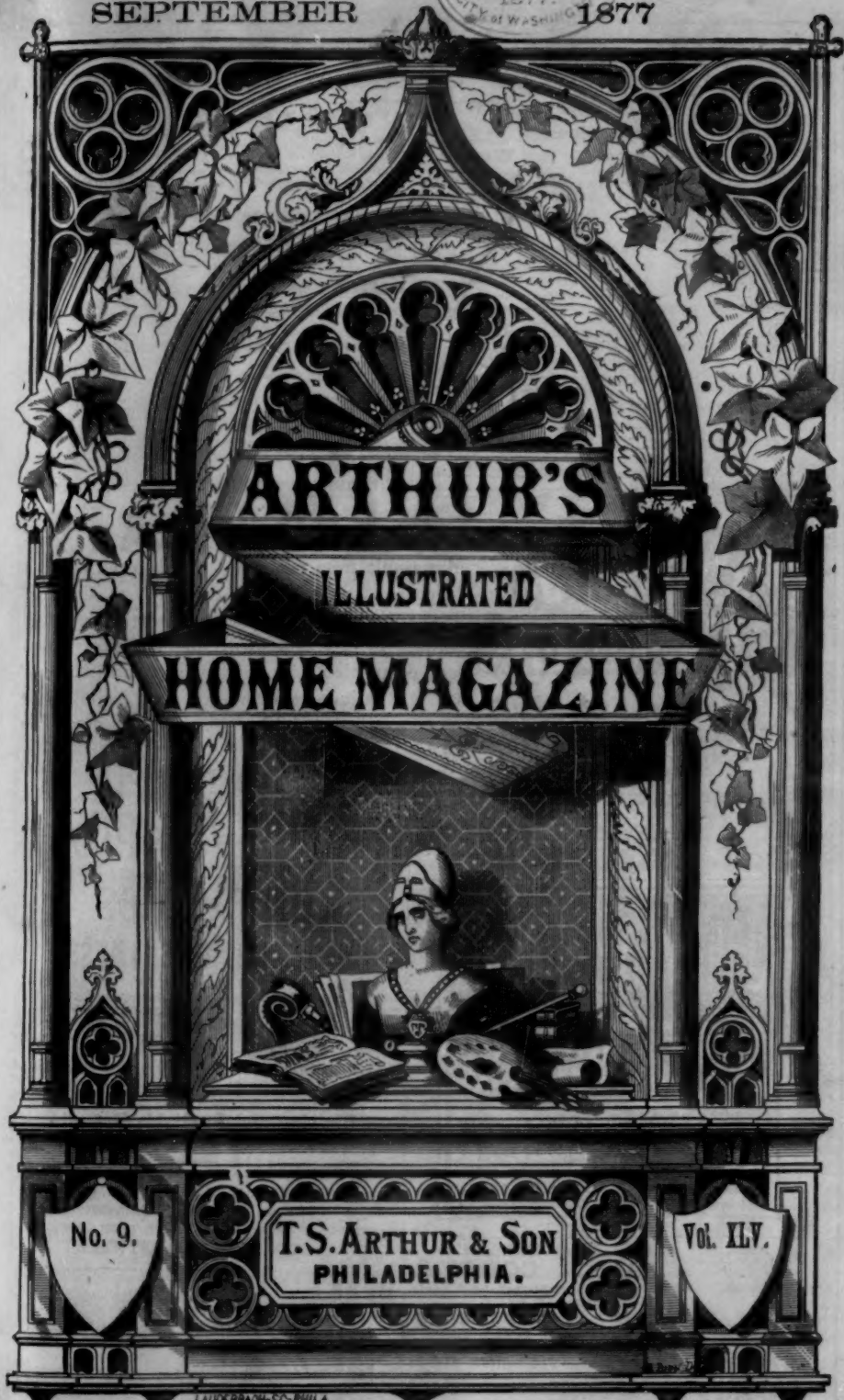


SEPTEMBER

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2-7.

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6-7.

[Prepared expressly for "ARTHUR'S HOME MAGAZINE," by E. BUTTERICK & CO.]

Ladies' and Children's Garments.



4906

Front View.



4909

Front View.



4909

Back View.

GIRLS' SHOULDER CAPE.

No. 4909.—The pattern to this garment is in 7 sizes for girls from 3 to 9 years of age. To make a cape like it for a girl of 6 years, $\frac{1}{4}$ yard of goods, 27 inches wide, will be required. Price of pattern, 10 cents.



4906

Back View.

GIRLS' APRON, GORED TO THE SHOULDER.

No. 4906.—The apron illustrated is made of band of colored material. It is slightly fitted for a girl of 7 years, $3\frac{1}{2}$ yards of goods, 27 inches wide, will be required. The pattern and its price is 20 cents.

of cambric and is neatly trimmed with a band of colored material. It is slightly fitted for a girl of 7 years, $3\frac{1}{2}$ yards of goods, 27 inches wide, will be required. The pattern and its price is 20 cents.



4910

Front View.

GIRLS' PRINCESS DRESS.

No. 4910.—This is one of the most charming little costume of Swiss and cashmere is here illustrated. The under-waist is plaited, and was cut from Swiss by pattern No. 3812, which is in 6 sizes for girls from 4 to 9 years of age, and costs 15 cents. The skirt is plain and round, and was cut by pattern No. 4829, which is in 7 sizes for little folks from 3 to 9 years of age and costs 20 cents.



4910

Back View.

GORED TO THE SHOULDER.

The apron is made to wear as an over-dress, and is of cashmere. It is in the Breton style and has a square neck, a short front and a gathered back skirt. It is trimmed with ribbon and the material, and was cut by pattern No. 4904, which is in 5 sizes for little folks from 2 to 6 years of age. Price of pattern, 20 cents.

LITTLE GIRLS' COSTUME.

A most charming little costume of Swiss and cashmere is here illustrated. The under-waist is plaited, and was cut from Swiss by pattern No. 3812, which is in 6 sizes for girls from 4 to 9 years of age, and costs 15 cents. The skirt is plain and round, and was cut by pattern No. 4829, which is in 7 sizes for little folks from 3 to 9 years of age and costs 20 cents.

The apron is made to wear as an over-dress, and is of cashmere. It is in the Breton style and has a square neck, a short front and a gathered back skirt. It is trimmed with ribbon and the material, and was cut by pattern No. 4904, which is in 5 sizes for little folks from 2 to 6 years of age. Price of pattern, 20 cents.

CHILD'S BRETON APRON.



4904

Front View.

No. 4904.—These engravings fully delineate the Breton apron, which forms a portion of the costume upon the first page. It is here illustrated of alpaca, with trimmings of black velvet ribbon. It is shaped to the figure by side-front and side-back seams which terminate at the neck outline, thus leaving only the side portions to extend over the shoulder. The back closes with button-holes and buttons, and is lengthened by a gathered skirt before the rest of the seams are closed. The pattern to the apron is in 5 sizes for little folks from 2 to 6 years of age. To make it for a child of 5 years, $1\frac{1}{2}$ yard of goods, 27 inches wide, are needed. Price of pattern, 20 cents.



4904

Back View.

LADIES' CUTAWAY JACKET, WITH ADJUSTABLE VEST.



4917

Front View.

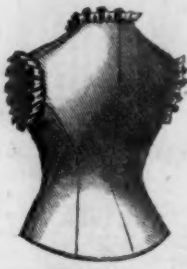
No. 4917.—In making a garment of this description the vest and pipings may be of a darker shade of goods than the remainder of the garment, or they may be formed of silk or velvet. While the vest produces a very jaunty effect, it may be entirely omitted and the garment worn over a tight basque, with the same appearance as here represented. The jacket is fitted by darts and the seams required by its peculiar form. The sleeves are in coat shape, and each is completed by a frill of lace set on under a band of ribbon tying at the top of the wrist. The pattern is in 13 sizes for ladies from 28 to 46 inches, bust measure. To make the garment for a lady of medium size, $3\frac{1}{2}$ yards of goods, 27 inches wide, will be required. Price of pattern, 30 cents.



4917

Back View.

4915

Front View.

4915

Back View.

4908

Front View.

4908

Back View.

GIRLS' SCARF OVER-SKIRT.

No. 4915.—This convenient and comfortable garment may be made of linen, cambric or flannel, or as illustrated of plain muslin, and trimmed with embroidery or ruffles. The pattern is in 8 sizes for misses from 8 to 15 years of age. To make the garment for a miss of 13 years, $1\frac{1}{2}$ yard of 36-inch-wide goods will be needed. Price of pattern, 20 cents.

No. 4908.—This charming over-skirt is passed about the figure and tied in a pretty knot at the back, its upper edge being attached by concealed pins or hooks and loops. It may be trimmed with lace, embroidery or the material. The pattern is in 7 sizes for girls from 3 to 9 years of age, and costs 10 cents. To make the garment for a girl of 8 years, $1\frac{1}{2}$ yard of goods, 27 inches wide, will be needed.



4919

Front View.



4916

MISSIES' HIGH-NECKED CHEMISE,
AND UNDER-SKIRT, COMBINED.

No. 4916.—To make this garment for a miss of 12 years, $2\frac{1}{2}$ yards of material, 36 inches wide, will be required. The pattern is in 8 sizes for misses from 8 to 15 years of age, and its price is 20 cents.



4919

Back View.

LADIES' CHEMISE, OR CORSET-
COVER, AND UNDER-SKIRT,
COMBINED.

No. 4919.—The advantages of a garment like this are perfectly obvious in these days of clinging drapery. The one illustrated is made of muslin and is fitted by darts and side-backs. It has a curved closing, that, like the neck and sleeve-bands, is edged with embroidery. The bottom is trimmed with an embroidered ruffle and tucks. The pattern is in 13 sizes for ladies from 28 to 46 inches, bust measure. To make the garment for a lady of medium size, $2\frac{1}{2}$ yards of 36-inch-wide goods, are needed. Price of pattern, 25 cents.



4903

Front View.



4903

Back View.

CHILD'S LOOSE SLIP, WITH POMPADOUR
YOKE.

No. 4903.—The front and back of this novel garment are cut so as to permit the introduction of a square yoke, and yet extend over the shoulders in narrow bands. The tops are slightly gathered to the yoke, but the extensions join smoothly. The pattern is in 7 sizes for children from $\frac{1}{2}$ to 6 years of age. Of material 36 inches wide, 2 yards will be required in making the garment for a child of 5 years. Price of pattern, 20 cents.



4905

Front View.



4905

Back View.

LITTLE BOYS' COSTUME.

No. 4905.—This dainty little costume may be made of flannel, cashmere, camel's-hair, *de beige* or any material used for boys' suits, and will require no trimming, except on the straps at the back, the jacket portion under the arm, the pocket and cuffs. It closes down the front with button-holes and buttons. The pattern is in 5 sizes for boys from 2 to 6 years of age. To make the garment for a boy of four years, $2\frac{1}{2}$ yards of material, 27 inches wide, will be needed. Price of pattern, 25 cents.



4914
Front View.

LADIES' CRINOLINE, FOR WEAR WITH TRAIN SKIRTS.

No. 4913.—We have here provided a model especially adapted to the purpose of extending the drapery of trailing skirts in such a way as to produce the fan sweep at present so much in



4913

favor. The foundation is muslin, but the flounces are wigan, the lower flounce being also faced with Silesia. A wire—one from an old hoop-skirt is just the thing—is run in at the hem of the foundation, and is all the support of that kind required. The top is sewed to a belt, and tapes tie the apron portion across the front. The pattern is in 3 sizes for ladies from 20 to 36 inches, waist measure. To make the article for a lady of medium size, $2\frac{1}{2}$ yards of muslin, and $2\frac{1}{2}$ yards of wigan, each 27 inches wide, will be needed. Price of pattern, 25 cents.



4914
Back View.

ET BASQUE.

velvet are the materials com-
trated. The garment may be
for the street or with an
8 sizes for misses from 8 to
cents. To make the basque
for a miss of 13 years, $4\frac{1}{2}$
wide, will be required.



4911
Front View.



4911
Back View.

LADIES' POSTILION BASQUE.

No. 4911.—This basque is fitted with all the exactness of a cuirass, by two bust darts and a cross-basque seam at each side in front, and by side-backs and a center seam in the back. At the waist-line of the side-back seam is left a fullness that is folded underneath in plaits to form the postilion. The sleeves are provided with fancy cuffs that are finished with piping and buttons, while a military collar completes the neck. The bottom of the front is trimmed with plaiting, but the back is edged with piping. The pattern is in 13 sizes for ladies from 28 to 46 inches, bust measure. To make the garment for a lady of medium size, 3 yards of goods, 27 inches wide, will be required. The pattern may be used for any variety of material, and its price is 30 cents.

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CHURCH OF ST. GUDULES, BRUSSELS.—Page 508.

ARTHUR'S

ILLUSTRATED HOME MAGAZINE.

Vol. XLV.

SEPTEMBER, 1877.

No. 8.

JOHANN FRIEDRICH SCHILLER.

By MRS. ELLEN M. MITCHELL.

SCHILLER was born in the little town of Marbach, on the banks of the Neckar, November 10, 1759. His father was a surgeon in the Württemberg service; his mother a gentle, pious woman, tender and devoted to her husband and children. There was a delightful simplicity in the details of their private life, so full of economy and simplicity, of peace and affection. Though poor, they have left no traces for comfort; there is never the mould of a dogma instead of elevating the character. Schiller was a delicate child, with the soft blue eyes, broad forehead and reddish-blond hair of his mother. "It was touching to see his expression of intense devotion," says his sister Christophine, "in his morning and evening the good father read the Bible and prayed. 'The pale blue eyes lifted up to heaven, the light yellow hair clustering about the forehead, the little hands folded in reverence, the whole a look almost angelic.'"

For nearly more than an infant, his father was his playmate. One day, during a terrific thunder-storm, he stood upon the branches of a tree, watching the lightning and delight were expressed in his face. His mother's anxiety was so beautiful, and he wished to know where it was coming from," he pleaded, when he was scolded on account of the alarm his absence had caused.

Though the little Schiller betrayed no unusual talents, he studied Latin diligently, but loved to read the Bible at home, and grew enthusiastic over the old Hebrew prophets. It was his father's wish that of his parents, that he should enter the army. But the Duke of Württemberg decided otherwise; he had just established a pet institution, a military academy called by his name, and, perceiving the boy's disavowal, offered to educate him gratuitously. The family's welfare depended on the offer; he had already provided for the father by appointing him superintendent of a model manufactory at Solitude, near Stuttgart. His offer

ruled, and the offer reluctantly accepted through fear of the duke's displeasure.

Thus, at the age of fourteen, Schiller entered upon a life of constraint and repression. "The Stuttgart system of education," says one of his biographers, "seems to have been formed on the principle, not of cherishing and correcting nature, but of reeling it out, and supplying its place by something better. The process of teaching and living was conducted with the stiff formality of military drilling; everything went on by statute and ordinance; there was no scope for the exercise of free will, no allowance for the variation of original aptitudes. A scholar might possess what instincts or capacities he pleased, the regulations of the school took no account of this; he must fit himself into the common mould; which, like the old giant's bed, stood there, appointed by superior authority, to be filled alike by the great and the little. The more strict and narrow course of reading and composition was marked out for each beforehand, and it was by stealth if he read or wrote anything besides. * * * The pupils were kept apart from the conversation or sight of any persons but their teachers; none ever got beyond the precincts of despotism to reach even a far-off page. Their every amusement proceeded by the word of command."

How grievously this rigid rule, this artificial repression, worked upon Schiller's mind, is revealed by that spontaneous outburst of poetry which took the world by storm—"The Robbers." Vainly had he sought some outlet for his activities, first in law, then in medicine; his nature, turned aside from its true aim and purpose, is satisfied with nothing; dimly he perceives something higher, and his worst oppression, as Carlyle says, is an oppression of the moral sense, a fettering not of the chains only, but of the pure reasonable will. "A singular misvaluation of nature," he says, to one of his letters, "had combined my poetical tendencies with the plan of my birth. Any disposition to poetic ill violence to the laws of the institution where I was educated, and contradicted the plan of its founder. For eight years my enthusiasm struggled with military discipline;

but the passion for poetry is vehement and fiery as a first love. What discipline was meant to extinguish, it blew into a flame. To escape from arrangements



CHURCH OF ST. GUDULES, BRUSSELS.—Page 606.

II

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ruled, and the offer reluctantly accepted through fear of the duke's displeasure.

Thus, at the age of fourteen, Schiller entered upon a life of constraint and repression. "The Stuttgart system of education," says one of his biographers, "seems to have been formed on the principle, not of cherishing and correcting nature, but of rooting it out, and supplying its place by something better. The process of teaching and living was conducted with the stiff formality of military drilling; everything went on by statute and ordinance; there was no scope for the exercise of free-will, no allowance for the varieties of original structure. A scholar might possess what instincts or capacities he pleased, the regulations of the school took no account of this; he must fit himself into the common mould, which, like the old giant's bed, stood there, appointed by superior authority, to be filled alike by the great and the little. The same strict and narrow course of reading and composition was marked out for each beforehand, and it was by stealth if he read or wrote anything beside. * * * The pupils were kept apart from the conversation or sight of any person but their teachers; none ever got beyond the precincts of despotism to snatch even a fearful joy; their very amusements proceeded by the word of command."

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that tortured me, my heart sought refuge in the world of ideas, where as yet I was unacquainted with the world of reality, from which iron bars excluded me."

In 1778, at the age of nineteen, Schiller finished the original sketch of "The Robbers," but did not publish it until two years later, having then completed his medical studies, and obtained the post of surgeon in the Württemberg army. It is almost impossible to realize now the effect produced by this youthful protest against the world's petty tyrannies. It fell like a firebrand into that iron-bound century, and the generous robber, who took from the rich to give to the poor, became the idol of youthful hearts, burning under a sense of injustice and oppression. It was perhaps well for Germany that its revolutionary fire expended itself in "The Robbers," and other literary productions, instead of bursting into conflagration, as in France.

Beneath all its lawlessness and defiance of constituted authorities, its thunders and lightnings, its emphasis and big words, the poet's actual innocence of heart is revealed in "The Robbers;" its wickedness is so frank, so transparent and straightforward, it cannot really do harm. It is the effervescence of genius bursting through the bounds of decorum; the youthful longing for freedom, unrestricted by rules and limits—a freedom that, with all its grand promises, sinks at last, like that of the French Revolution, into mere license and disorder. Schiller himself perceived this later, and looked back upon "The Robbers" with regret and condemnation.

By giving to the world this poetical production, he incurred the displeasure of his patron, the Grand Duke of Württemberg. He was summoned to an interview, reprimanded for his errors, literary as well as political, and dismissed with an admonition to confine himself henceforth to medical subjects, or accept the duke's services as critic! When sterner orders came, forbidding the poet, under pain of military imprisonment, to write anything poetic, and darker hints escaped of some imminent peril threatening his safety, he resolved to leave Württemberg, and be free at every risk. Under the cover of festivities celebrating the arrival of some foreign potentate, he made his escape, after a secret and sorrowful parting from his mother and sisters, the good old father being kept in ignorance of his design.

He was then in his twenty-third year, upon the threshold of manhood. Tender and shy, delicately sensitive, he seemed to lack the robust vigor of Goethe's youth; but let no one mistake fineness of nature for weakness. His mind had a noble purpose; he already began to love with his whole heart and soul spiritual beauty, and seek for its attainment. He went away empty, "empty in purse and hope." "To the public I belong henceforth," says he; "before this and no other tribunal will I place myself; this alone do I reverence and fear. Something majestic hovers before me, as I determine now to wear no other fetters but the sentence of the world, to appeal to no other throne but the soul of man."

Brave words; and yet at first he met only disappointment. At Mannheim, where "The Robbers" had been received with unbounded enthusiasm, "Fiesco," his second drama, was refused. Worse than that, he was forced to wander about under a feigned name, fearful of being pursued. After a weary suspense of three months, he found refuge at last in Bauerbach, at the country house of a friend, Frau von Wolzogen. Here he wrote "Kabale und Liebe," and fell in love with the pretty daughter of his hostess, Lotte.

Charlotte was a magical name to Schiller. He was in love successively with Charlotte von Wolzogen, Charlotte von Kalb, and finally with Charlotte von Lengefeld, who became his future wife. But he had other fancies also, and flitting loves "came and went like doves to the open windows of the poet's heart." The society of women was essential to his happiness, as to that of all sensitively organized men. He seems to have conceived a sort of enthusiasm for every gracious, gentle lady, with whom he enjoyed much intercourse, until his heart was finally anchored in marriage. Yet, however sentimental, his imaginary loves were really based upon friendship, and no fatal quarrels or embittered hearts shadowed his path.

In September, 1783, Schiller was summoned to accept the post of theatre-poet in Mannheim, a position that assured him a small but certain income, and a degree of distinction befitting his reputation. But he was again hampered here in his literary activities, and in less than two years a romantic occurrence decided his removal to Leipzig. "Some days ago," he writes, "I met with a very flattering and agreeable surprise. There came to me, out of Leipzig, from unknown hands, four parcels, and as many letters written with the highest enthusiasm toward me, and overflowing with poetical devotion. They were accompanied by four miniature portraits, two of which are of very beautiful young ladies, and by a pocket-book sewed in the finest taste."

The writers of these letters and originals of the portraits were two pairs of betrothed lovers in Leipzig, one of whom were the future parents of the poet Körner. Young and overflowing with enthusiasm, their homage and affection touched Schiller, and formed the basis of a lasting friendship. It was in answer to their urgent invitations that he took up his residence in their midst at Leipzig, following them afterwards to Dresden.

To Herber, the fourth of his correspondents, he gives an amusing glimpse of his domestic requirements. "In my new establishment at Leipzig," he writes, "I propose to avoid one error which has plagued me a great deal here in Mannheim. It is this: no longer to conduct my own housekeeping, and also no longer to live alone. The former is not by any means a business I excel in. It costs me less to execute a whole conspiracy in five acts, than to settle my domestic arrangements for a week; and poetry, as you yourself know, is but a dangerous assistant in calculations of economy. My mind is

drawn different ways; I fall headlong out of my ideal world if a holed stocking reminds me of the real world. * * * As to the other point, I require for my private happiness to have a true, warm friend that would be ever at my hand, like my better angel, to whom I could communicate my newest ideas, in the very act of conceiving them, not waiting to transmit them, as at present, by letters or long visits. * * * I want nothing but a bed-room, which might also be my working-room, and another chamber for receiving visits. The house-gear necessary for me are: a good chest of drawers, a desk, a bed and sofa, a table and a few chairs. * * * I cannot live on the ground-floor, nor close by the ridge-tile; also my windows positively must not look into the churchyard. I love men, and therefore like their bustle. If I cannot arrange it so that we shall mess together, I would engage at the *table d'hôte* of the inn; for I had rather fast than eat without company."

The dear sociable poet! no wonder friends gathered around him wherever he went, and rejoiced in the gentle warmth of his affections.

For nearly five years he lived in such close intimacy and relationship with the Körners, as to be almost considered one of their family. He then removed to Weimar, and, after a brief infatuation for Charlotte von Kalb, met and wooed the gentle little wife who fixed at last his wandering heart.

But even here one encounters a strange psychological riddle. Schiller appears to have fallen in love not only with Lotte, his future wife, but also with her elder sister, Caroline. Caroline at first attracted him strongly; her nature was perhaps more congenial to his; but Lotte in some way appealed to his heart. "Caroline and I are nearer in age, and more alike in our thoughts and feelings," he confessed to his betrothed. "But you will receive from me what she already possesses. Your soul must unfold itself in, and be created, as it were, by my love."

Ah! the secret is explained. Lotte's clinging, dependent nature suited Schiller best; what he wanted at home was rest and soothing companionship. He had said earlier, referring to Charlotte von Kalb, a highly gifted woman: "I desire some one who belongs to me wholly, whom I alone can make happy, and in whose existence my own can renew itself."

Charlotte von Kalb could inspire and stimulate the thoughts of men, but their hearts sought a more peaceful haven. Jean Paul Richter was her admirer also, and, like Schiller, turned elsewhere for a life-companion. "Among all the women whom I have known," wrote Rachel Levin, herself a brilliant apparition of the age, "Frau von Kalb is the most full of soul and intellect; her spirit has really wings, with which she can soar into remotest heights at any inspired moment."

But Caroline, Lotte's sister, wins a different and more touching interest. It is evident that Schiller was drawn to her most at the beginning of their acquaintance, and, in spite of his views regarding marriage, the issue of affairs might have been different, had she not herself turned aside his love quietly,

with a woman's tact, and thus secured the happiness of her friend and sister—at the price of her own, shall we say? Who knows?—the secret lies buried in her grave. But on the marble cross above it are inscribed these words only, in accordance with her last wishes: "She erred, suffered and loved."

A sweet, noble wife Lotte proved to Schiller. "What a beautiful life I am leading now," he wrote, a few days after his marriage. The days glide past, quiet and bright; my existence has attained harmonious uniformity." And Lotte also pours forth the joy of her heart: "I did not think there was so much happiness in the world as I have found," she confesses. But the shadow remains, nevertheless, and one doubts whether Schiller was as happy with Lotte as he might have been with Caroline.

Just before his marriage in 1790, Schiller had obtained a professorship at Jena, and resided there until near the close of his life. His activity was ceaseless, but it was some time before he produced a great poetical work. The study of history and philosophy attracted him strongly, and while apparently retarding actually stimulated the last and most splendid development of his genius.

In the winter of 1791, his studies were interrupted by a sudden and severe attack of illness, from whose effects he never afterwards fully recovered. His innate nobleness of character revealed itself at this crisis in a most beautiful light. There is medical evidence that he could never have been free from pain during the remaining fifteen years of his life. But he was always cheerful and laborious, battling alone with the dark enemy within, uttering complaints but seldom. What can be more heroic than such a moral conquest over physical ills? "If we recollect," says Carlyle, "how many poor valetudinarians, Rousseaus, Cowpers and the like, men otherwise of fine endowment, dwindle under the influence of nervous disease, into pining wretchedness, some into madness itself; and then, that Schiller under the like influence, wrote some of his deepest speculations, and all his genuine dramas, from 'Wallenstein' to 'Wilhelm Tell,' we shall the better estimate his merit."

"Wallenstein," the greatest of German tragedies, was no hasty or slight piece of work, but the creation of years. Schiller hesitated about his subject, chose one at last, laid it down, changed his plans now and then, was sometimes on the point of giving them up altogether, but finally sent forth into the world a drama that displayed the height and depth of his genius and culture.

"Wallenstein" is no common hero, and the hard struggle between ambition and duty wins interest and sympathy at once. We are not moved by the sweep of passion as in *Macbeth*; it is a great moral picture unrolled before us, and the guilt itself is only a dark threat, never crystallizing into action.

There is something almost prophetic in the appearance of this drama. Contrast with "Wallenstein" the figure of Napoleon, who had just stepped forth upon the world's arena! Contrast, too, that period

of tumult and war, painted by Schiller, with the stormy era that Napoleon inaugurated! The spirit of threatening fate seems to hover in Schiller's tragedy, and the poet-seer with his penetrating glance discerns *to-morrow* in *to-day*.

To "Wallenstein" succeeded "Maria Stuart," the "Jungfrau von Orleans," the "Braut von Messina" and "Wilhelm Tell," noble dramas all, but the last by far the best. Not Tell individually, but the Swiss nation, is the hero of this play, and here occurs the most beautiful revelation of Schiller's republicanism. The spirit of true freedom was never more strikingly delineated—freedom that rests on the eternal basis of right and justice. What a difference between a revolution like this, and that of the French!

Schiller had taken up his residence in Weimar, soon after commencing "Maria Stuart." Various reasons induced this change, among others his precarious state of health and desire to be near the theatre where his dramas were represented. Some time before this the friendly bond that united him to Goethe had been firmly cemented. These two great poets were by no means prepossessed with each other at their first interview; difficulties and prejudices seemed to stand in the way of their intimacy. "I doubt whether Goethe and I will ever come into close communication with each other," wrote Schiller to his friend Körner. "Much that still interests me has already had its epoch with him. His whole nature is, from its very origin, otherwise constituted than mine; his world is not my world; our modes of conceiving things appear to be essentially different. From such a combination no secure, substantial intimacy can result."

This was also Goethe's opinion, expressed in acts, if not in words; but they were both mistaken. In spite of apparent repulsion, the real attraction was too great; innate nobility of character, and a striving after the same spiritual aims, though by different methods, drew them together instinctively. Goethe, as the greater of the two, had more to give; but their friendship was mutually stimulating. "The reciprocal influence of these two great men upon each other," says Wilhelm von Humboldt, "was powerful and beneficial. Each felt himself strengthened and encouraged in his own career; each perceived more clearly and justly how they were reaching forward to the same goal, though by different paths. Neither sought to persuade the other, or even make him hesitate in pursuing the course begun."

Were only men like this, what help might they be to one another! There would be friendships then worthy of the name, friends that in time of spiritual need would be found at their post. But ah! not in our way, but in theirs, must we be assisted; there is no real understanding of our wants; paltry vanity comes between, and assumes a sovereignty to which it has no right. As if each individual were not to work out his own redemption by inner laws for which he is responsible to a higher jurisdiction than that of his fellow-beings.

Not towards the actual, but towards the ideal, was

Schiller's faith and hope continually directed. No poet ever realized more completely the real significance of his mission. "It seemed to him that he was casting his bread upon the waters, and would find it after many days; that when the noise of all conquerors, and demagogues, and political reformers had died quite away, some tone of heavenly wisdom that had dwelt even in him might still linger among men; whereby, though dead, he would yet speak, and his spirit would live throughout all generations, when the syllables that had once formed his name had passed into forgetfulness forever."

Genial and social, he yet loved to meditate and be alone. His place of study at Jena was a little garden-house, built by himself, containing but one room. "Here the neighbors used to hear him, earnestly declaiming in the silence of the night; and whoever had an opportunity of watching him on such occasions—a thing very easily to be done, from the heights lying opposite—might see him now speaking aloud, and walking swiftly to and fro in his chamber, then suddenly throwing himself down into his chair, and writing; and drinking the while, sometimes more than once, from the coffee standing near him. In winter he was to be found at his desk till four, even five o'clock in the morning; in summer till towards three. He then went to bed, from which he seldom rose till nine or ten. * * * At Weimar his mode of life was like his former one at Jena; his business was to study and compose; his recreations were in the circle of his family, where he could abandon himself to affections, grave or trifling, and in frank, cheerful acquaintance with a few friends. * * * He still loved solitary walks; in the Park at Weimar he might frequently be seen, wandering among the groves and remote avenues, with a notebook in his hand; now loitering slowly along, now moving rapidly on; if any one appeared in sight, he would dart into another alley, that his dream might not be broken."

Beside his dramas, Schiller wrote a history of the Netherlands and of the Thirty Years' War, and some of the finest lyrics in the German language. The "Song of the Bell," is one of the most beautiful creations of his genius. How harmoniously the ideal and real here flow together, like the metal of his bell. The animated, dramatic description of its casting, encircles, like an artistically worked frame, the grand picture of human existence.

Schiller was the happy father of four children, two sons and two daughters. At the birth of his youngest child he was attacked with the fatal illness that a few months later terminated his life. There was a temporary recovery, it is true, but only to be followed by deeper prostration. On the 9th of May, 1805, he expired.

"Happy was he," says Goethe, "to die at the very summit of existence, in the full vigor of feeling and intellect. The frailties of age, the decay of his powers, he was not to feel. As a man he lived; as a perfect man he passed away. * * * From his grave arises the breath of his power, and strengthens

us still, inciting the impulse to continue in love what he begun. Thus, by his thoughts, and works, he will always live for his people and humanity."

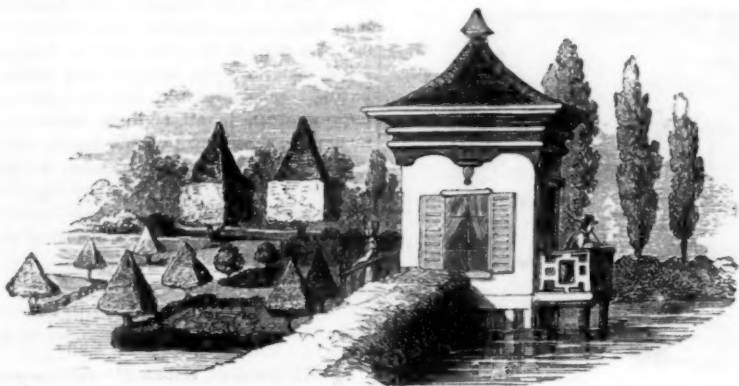
A FEW WORDS ABOUT GARDENS & GARDENING.

BY E. I. N. SAMMLER.

VERY little is known of the gardening of the earliest nations. The Garden of Eden is the most ancient of which we have any record. That much progress was made in the art of gardening, even in the remotest historic times, there can be little doubt. Xenophon, who wrote four hundred years before our era, speaks of the taste of the kings of Persia for gardens, which, he says, they called *Paradieses*. Strabo tells us of a garden on the River Orontes, which, in his time was nine miles in circumference. In midsummer, cypresses and laurels formed a dense and delightful shade, whilst hundreds of little rivulets of the purest water flowed from all the hills, irrigating the soil, and freshening the atmosphere. These Persian gardens were regular in

and Semiramis; while others allege that they were built by an Assyrian king, whose wife, having been born in a fertile and picturesque region of Persia, could not reconcile herself to the monotonous aspect of the environs of Babylon, and therefore begged her husband for a garden which would supply what she missed in the hills and valleys of her native land. The ruins of these gardens, consisting of rubbish scattered over some high hills, may still be seen in the environs of Hellah, on the left bank of the Euphrates.

The gardens of the old Egyptians were of two kinds: the sacred gardens, and the gardens of individuals. They were cultivated with extreme care, and contained both useful and ornamental plants in large number. They were simple in design, the lines being all straight. The flower-beds were small and square, the alleys being shaded by trees of luxuriant foliage. Many plants were cultivated in red clay pots, arranged around the sides of the alleys and the edges of the flower-beds. The vineyard generally occupied the centre of the garden, while pleasant



A MODERN DUTCH GARDEN.

design, the trees being planted in straight lines, and the alleys bordered with roses, violets and other fragrant flowers. Among the trees, what is now called the English elm held the place of honor. Arbors, aviaries filled with rare birds, fountains and towers, were the chief ornaments.

If we can rely upon the accounts which have been handed down to us, the "hanging gardens" of Nineveh and Babylon have not been surpassed by any in later times. Of the hanging gardens of Babylon, we are told that they were on a level with the walls of the city, being supported upon columns, the height of which was forty cubits. They were reached by means of steps or terraces, rising one above another, and constructed of huge blocks of stone, supported by pillars, and covered with earth. On these were trees so vigorous that some of them were fifty cubits high and eight in diameter. From a distance the garden looked like a forest on the crest of a mountain. Different accounts are given of the origin of these gardens. By some they are attributed to Ninus

summer-houses were scattered here and there. Numerous small ponds, in which grew a variety of aquatic plants, furnished the water necessary to irrigate the soil.

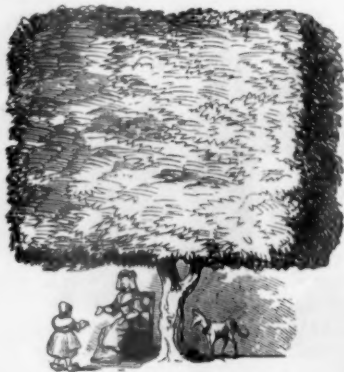
The Greeks seem to have borrowed their methods of gardening from Persia, and the Romans in their turn copied from the Greeks. Both Romans and Greeks were excellent gardeners, paying much attention to ornament.

All nations, who have ever practiced gardening to any noticeable extent, seem to have endeavored to modify the principles of the art so as to adjust them to the climate and country in which they lived. Under the burning skies of Asia, for example, we find stately groves of magnificent shade-trees, beneath whose shelter their indolent possessors sought protection from the extreme heat; while in the more temperate latitudes of Greece and Italy, gardens were enriched with statuary, abounded in pleasure-houses, and other architectural displays, and were surrounded and planted with low trees and shrubbery, which

afforded shade without excluding the sunlight. Among our rude ancestors, the Gauls and Britons, gardening mainly consisted in forming vast inclosures or preserves for the game, in hunting which they took such delight.

During the Middle Ages, gardening continued to be sedulously prosecuted in all the more civilized parts of Europe. Charlemagne enacted laws for its encouragement. That monarch, who places the rose, the lily, the heliotrope and the iris, among his favorite flowers, gives us an enumeration of plants medicinal, culinary and ornamental, which shows that the variety of field and garden products was nearly as great in his day as in our own. Even in comparatively barbarous regions, gardening was then carried to great perfection by the monks, traces of whose skill and industry are still to be seen in the vicinity of many a ruined monastery through Great Britain and on the continent of Europe.

Cardinal D'Este, to whom the revival of Italian gardening is mainly due, laid out his famous gardens upon the site of those of the Emperor Adrian, and



A DUTCH TREE-ARBOR.

many of the vases, statues and other works of ornamentation of the older gardens were here brought to light, and once more applied to their former uses. Balustraded terraces of masonry, grand stairways, arcades, architectural grottoes, high clipped hedges, with niches and recesses, enriched with sculptured figures, were the principal features of the Italian style, as it was first introduced into Europe after the revival of art. It soon spread over the entire continent, and found a hearty welcome in England. In France it was considerably modified to suit the conditions of the colder climate and more level country. There the terraces and arcades were given up, their places being supplied by long avenues of trees, and grass-plats, and flower-beds of intricate geometrical forms. Le Notre, the famous gardener of Louis XIV., was the master spirit of this style, and his plans and models, as displayed in the gardens of Versailles, found imitators all over Europe, and are to this day the truest representations of what may be termed the French style of gardening.

England, having adopted in turn the Italian,

French and Dutch styles of gardening, has now settled down into what is termed the "natural style," which has also been received and imitated by every nation of Europe, and likewise in this country, and is now fully recognized as uniting in itself all the qualities demanded by the most correct and refined taste. In it nature is the gardener's only model. The straight lines and stiff terraces have yielded to flowing curves, broad, smooth lawns and verdant slopes; while the formal avenues and geometrical clumps in which trees had been arranged, have been superseded by beautiful windings and an irregularity of grouping, which relieves the eye and adorns the scene. Like every good thing, this natural style is sometimes overdone. Its followers have been known to scatter over their grounds great fragments of rock, thrown at random among briars and weeds, with perhaps a mouldering log or two, to imitate the foreground of a picture. The new style thus created is known as "the picturesque." In it, not only is the wildness and abruptness of the natural forest imitated, but, in too many cases, exceeded; thus losing sight of the fact that, in bringing those characteristics in immediate contact with the habitations of civilized man, the unity of the whole may be destroyed.

The natural style, however, still holds its own, having been adopted, with suitable modifications and improvements, in all civilized countries. At the same time, a growing taste for botany and horticulture, and the introduction of many foreign plants, has given rise, in England especially, to a style to which has been applied the name of "gardenesque." Its characteristic feature is the display of the beauty of individual trees or other plants.

TWO OLD CHILDREN.

BY MADGE CARROL.

"ARE you hurt, madam?"

Madam was seated in apparent comfort on a pile of boards, yet answered confusedly, she didn't know. There had been a railroad accident, fortunately not a serious one; still, somebody was injured, and the lady, greatly shocked and bewildered, waited to make quite sure of its not being herself.

"Let me assist you," continued the gentleman. "I am told we shall find accommodation over the river where you see those furnace-fires. Can you walk there, think?"

The lady thought she could, yet hesitated.

"How many were killed?" she asked, in shuddering tones. "Is there nothing we can do for the sufferers?"

"Oh, it's not that bad," answered her companion, cheerfully. "Only one poor fellow seriously, but not fatally, injured. There's nothing we can do. I went all around to see if I could be of any service, and was told 'twas all right, and what I had best do for my own comfort. It will give me great pleasure to secure yours at the same time, if you are able to walk three-quarters of a mile."

By this time the lady had recovered her scattered senses, felt sure she could walk, said so, and they started. Although the hour was somewhere near midnight, and their path lay side by side with the iron track, their journey proved pleasant all the way through. The railroad ran between hill and water, with border-fringes of luxuriant growth belonging both to high and low lands. Overhead the moon steered her pearly prow through gray cloud-glaciers, and little stars played hide-and-seek among islands of snow. On the right hand loomed a mountain wall, on the left ran the river, trying to make another sky and world of itself out of silvery gleam and purple shadow, while on the far shore slumbered that tiny village whose hospitality they were about to test.

Seeing the twain plodding along, a very respectable but extremely commonplace old couple, one would as soon have fancied them crowned and clothed in purple as have conjured a romance over their heads. Yet the romance was there all the same. They discussed trains, accidents, related incidents of travel, interchanged brief greetings with such companions in misfortune as overtook them on the way, with all the while a something coming nearer and nearer, yet neither knew what it was. Like the rush of some small animal through the leaves, the dip of wings on the river, the scent of flowers out of sight, the presence was real, yet unrecognized, uncertain, indefinable, until the moment arrived when it stood revealed to them, and they to each other. They paused on the old, covered bridge to watch the moon edging the cloud with rainbow colors, then to lean out of the window and see the reflection in the water.

"When I was a tiny bit of a girl," said the lady, with a smile half-sweet, half-sorrowful, "my father moved near just such a mirror of a river as this, and I got the oddest fancy about it. Observing what appeared to be fragments of rock, bank and tree, I ran in the house and told my Irish grandmother I had seen the old country. Having heard a great deal about it, I concluded her old world was worn out like the old dresses she was so fond of describing, and these were the pieces. Even after all was explained, and I saw myself in the mirror, I was slow to survey those many-hued, wavering shapes from a matter-of-fact point of view. I had a friend," she said, in tones that slightly faltered, "a little boy, whose companionship I enjoyed only at rare intervals. He fell in with my fancy, and agreed that if no one else claimed this still, beautiful underland, we would. It was all very foolish, doubtless. I don't know why I should go back to it to-night, but he arranged what seemed to be a very admirable plan for obtaining possession. When the river froze, he said, we'd carry the ice to some sunny clime, thaw it, gather those broken fragments, build a new world for ourselves, and live there alone together. When winter came the ice-men came, too. Somebody else carried our world away, and the lovely dream died out of our lives."

Doubtless it was absurd; it's hard to tell at what age the absurdity of these things begins, withdraws, then turns up again; but any way, the old gentleman, not pausing to consider this matter in the least, laid his wrinkled hand on the slender fingers, and said one word—only one.

"Rathie!"

She answered with: "Anthie!"

Then a change came over the old man's face, the warm, young glow faded out; he withdrew his clasp, folded his arms.

"How did you leave your husband?" he asked, coldly.

"Quite well," she answered. "I never saw such gentleness on his face, such tenderness about the mouth, as was there when I left him."

"Is he dead?"

"This many a year. How is Millie?"

"Millie, too, is well—very well. Before I left home, I had her name rechiseled and a new railing around the lot. I like to keep things fresh and neat around there."

"Rechiseled? Then your loss is not recent?"

These were old people, as I have told you. He was like a winter apple, rounded, ruddy; she like a phantom fern, tintless, ethereal. Looking at him, one felt that solidity which comes of a noble endurance; looking at her, one realized how much that was bright had been drained out of her life, yet thought how lovely what remained. Yes, they were old people; yet each grew young again to the other when their hands met—they were free to meet, not even a little dust between them—and on the woman's forehead fell a lover's kiss.

When love, however true and faithful, bound two such hearts together as Anthony Willogram's and Rathalia Goldworthy's, it was not to be expected that its course should be permitted to run smoothly. There was a gulf of some twenty years between the little orphan and the senior members of that illustrious family; yet was she a genuine Goldworthy—in name at least—inheriting the honors and sharing the profits of the paternal estate. Consequently, Mrs. Jane Goldworthy Gibbs, and Miss Ann Maria Goldworthy, decided that the attachment ripening between their step-sister and village blacksmith's son must be nipped in the bud.

"A most unfortunate—nay, a disgraceful preference!" declared the former. "That a Goldworthy, my honored father's own daughter, should stoop to a Willogram!" Mrs. J. Goldworthy Gibbs forgets that in marrying a liquor-dealer she had gone considerably below an honest blacksmith's position—that is, morally speaking. "It's not to be countenanced for a moment," she went on to say. "Sister Susan, take her home with you when you go, and do all in your power to blot out this unhappy passion."

Obedient to the command of the autocrat of the family, Mrs. Susan Crozier took the little delinquent home with her, and, to all outward appearance, succeeded admirably with the blotting process. At the age of twenty, two years after she left the scenes of

her childhood, her step-sisters assembled with great complacency to see her married to a wealthy Englishman, fifteen years her senior.

The world said it was a splendid match, and many a girl envied the little white-faced bride her laces and diamonds. Few envied the wife, however, for, although poor Rathie held her peace, uttering never a word of complaint, it soon became known that Mr. Beatty loved her a little less than his horse and dog, and treated her considerably worse.

So Rathie was sold by her elder sisters, and three years later young Willogram sold himself. Not that he cared for Millie Kelsh's money, his business—which, by the way, was not that of his father—brought in sufficient for his simple wants and, gentle, child-like, he had no thought beyond, but Millie was Rathie's friend, and loved him. There was, however, considerable pressure brought to bear upon him before he could be induced to take a decisive stand. To be brief, Millie was the only remaining child of a widowed mother, and in very delicate health. Anthony had written some pretty little poems, she admired them, and loaned him books, they met frequently, and she lost her heart. Upon discovering this the mamma, idolizing her daughter and fearing so great a blow as a disappointment in love, undertook to manage Anthony. She did so after the manner of men managing fish, spread a net and caught him. The great, brown-bearded boy entertained for a season a mild suspicion of not having acted the part of a free agent, still, Millie was radiant, and he soon found himself happy in the thought of having conferred happiness.

As is usual when the lot is cast for misery, the woman fared the worst. Rathalia Beatty's life was one long agony. Anthony Willogram's simply a patient endurance of such trials as are to be expected where there is utter uncongeniality of taste and temperament. The heart of the woman sunk into dumb despair, that of the man retained its cheerful courage to the last. Neither ever let go the childish image of the other, although in the one breast it lay face downward under ice and snow, in the other, face upward, but covered with daisies.

With the door of her room at the inn closed, her candle out, the moonlight laying in silver blocks on the floor, the air full of fragrance as from scented wings aloft, the weight of years fell from Mrs. Beatty's shoulders, she was a child again and would see Anthie on the morrow. As was natural, perhaps, morning brought a different state of feeling.

The face the glass reflected was not that of the Rathie so beloved in the buried years. She dreaded the meeting down-stairs in hard, staring daylight; curiously enough, so did Mr. Willogram. There was no need. The dear, dear face once seen and recognized, the mask may be donned again, the quaint garments still cling about the figure, it makes no difference, love never lets go its own.

"I am living with one son and was on my way to visit another, both married," said Mr. Willogram, as they took seats, after breakfast, in a secluded corner

of the porch. "Where was my little girl going when this railroad jar threw her into my arms?"

"To see if I could find a home with Aunt Susan's daughter," answered this "little girl" in the guise of an old lady. "My children all died in infancy." She clasped the four small fingers of one hand with those of the other, looking as on four tiny graves. "I am alone in the world."

"To see if you could find a home? Rathie, I have enough and to spare, is it possible that you—"

"It doesn't matter," she spoke up, quickly, "there was a little left, a very little, it's true, but peace of mind's dearer than all. I've had that this thirteen years. Tell me now," and she put away with her mite of a hand the painful topic, "did you know me before you called me by name?"

"Yes and no," he answered. "I was thinking about you. I felt you coming nearer and nearer, yet when you began that story of the river and got very close, I seemed to withdraw, to become the ghost of myself. As you approached the end, and I scanned the face before me—whether risen from mountain or from stream or descended from the sky, I knew it. I had held it most precious half a century through. Then I thought, if when I reach out she does not vanish, if when I speak she answers, I shall know this is no dream, and I am no ghost. What made you tell that little story? Did you know me?"

"Yes, when you said 'Rathie.'"

"Not before?"

"Not a moment before."

They might have resumed their journey an hour previous, these ancient lovers, and yet, according to the inn's maid-of-all-work, "dwdled around all day."

"If I were fifty years younger, I'd weave you a daisy-chain," he said.

"Make believe you are," was the answer.

They sat together on a stone beside the river, while he joined emerald link to link, and when he placed it around her neck, it's well there was no one there to see, because that little woman with the thistle-down hair took it as naturally as though the tide had turned back and left her a child for all time. They were married at sunset in the village pastor's parlor, and Mrs. Willogram so far forgot her years as to feel the rapture of sixteen instead of the grim satisfaction of sixty.

"You shall have your own home and reign over it like a queen," said her husband, leading her off triumphantly. "Somebody else carried our world away, but it is not too late, we are not too old to find it."

So, beginning life together just where they left it off, these two old children went forth and found their world because they believed in it.

PEACE does not dwell in outward things, but within the soul. We may preserve it in the midst of the bitterest pain if our will remain firm and submissive. Peace in this life springs from acquiescence even in disagreeable things, not in exemption from suffering.



RUSSIAN HOMES IN WINTER.

THE windows in Russian houses of the better class are always double, the better to keep out the severe cold. Open fire-places are rare; when they do exist they are used only in spring and autumn. In the winter they are closed, and stoves or furnaces are used. The open fire-places are then filled with flowers, which are truly a Russian luxury. The houses overflow with them—flowers receive you

at the door and go with you up the stairway; ivies festoon the balustrades, and plants in pots adorn the landings on every floor. Ivies and other creepers, are trained around the windows and the rooms, and in some of the latter are to be found even bananas, palms, magnolias, camelias and other beautiful plants thriving as in a conservatory. In the street you are so cold you might almost fancy yourself at the North Pole; within doors you might believe yourself to be in the tropics.

"PRETTY POLL."
CONCLUDING PAPER.

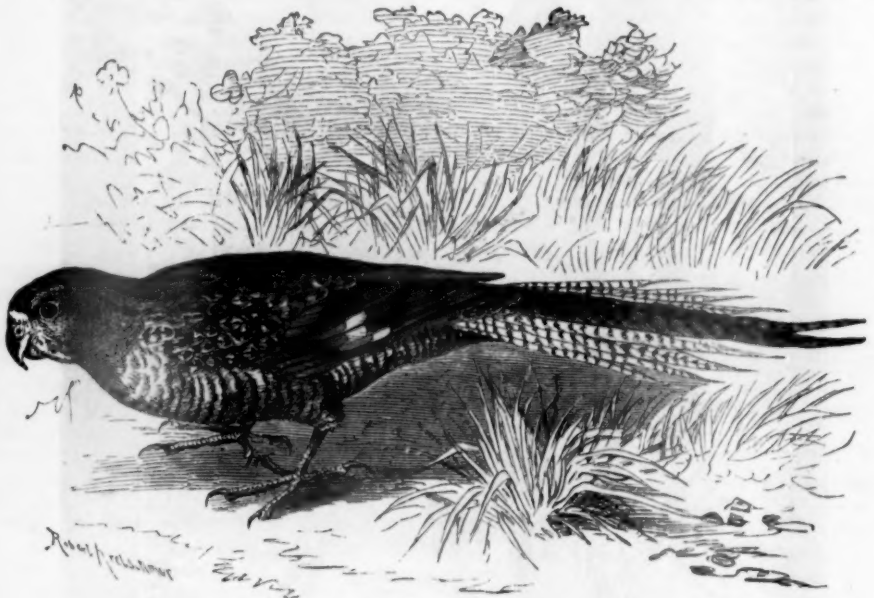
BY JOHN B. DUFFEY.

I WILL begin this paper by correcting a mistake in my last. In it I am made to speak of the "rare and remarkable *dasyptilus* of New Guinea." I thought I wrote—certainly I intended to write—it "rare and remarkable *dasyptilus* of New Guinea." Whether I did or did not, *dasyptilus* it should be.

Of the various families into which the parrots have been arranged by science, I have briefly noticed all but three—the broad tailed parquets of Australia, the brush-tongued parrots and the macaws and their congeners.

The first-mentioned comprise, says Wallace, "a series of large-tailed parrots, of weak structure and

parquet, one of the prettiest and most interesting of the parrot tribe. It frequents the grass lands of Australia in great numbers, "running amid the thick grass blades, clinging to their stems, or feeding on their seeds." From this fact it derives the first-mentioned of its common names. Unlike that of parrots generally, its voice is a soft, gentle, warbling kind of song, which seems to come from within the bird. It is said to possess some ventriloquial powers, one having been observed amusing itself by imitating two birds, one warbling and the other chirping. It has frequently been bred in England, where it is considered a very desirable cage-bird. Its general color is dark mottled green, varied with other tints. The forehead is yellow. On each cheek there is a patch of deep blue, below which show three circular spots of the same rich hue. The throat is yellow, and the



GROUND PARQUET.

gorgeous colors, with a few ground-feeding genera of more sober protective tints." Among these last, the common ground parquet, like the rest of the family a native of Australia, is remarkable for its close resemblance to the English pheasant, not only in form and colors, but also in its habits, and even in having a very strong game odor. The flesh is said to be not unlike that of the quail. It runs very rapidly on the ground, and, says Wood, "is especially excellent at getting through grass stems, among which it winds its way with such wonderful celerity that it can baffle almost any dog." It rarely ventures on the wing, and then only for short dashes of a few yards, surprisingly quick and of bewildering irregularity. It makes no nest, but lays its white eggs on the bare ground.

In the same family is included the grass, or zebra

whole under-surface light grass-green. The two central tail-feathers are blue, the remainder green, with an oblique band of yellow in the middle. The upper part of the wings has each of its light, yellowish green feathers marked with a crescent-shaped spot of brown, thus producing that peculiar mottling, from which the bird derives its popular name of zebra.

The brush-tongued parrots, strictly so-called, are exclusively confined to the Australian region; though the lories, which are now included in the same family, are mostly natives of South-eastern Asia and the Indian archipelago. The characteristic feature of the parrots of this family, from which it derives its scientific name of *trichoglossidae*. "Brush," or "hairy-tongued," is the tongue, which is furnished with bristling hairs, enabling the birds to extract

from flowers their sweet juices, the principal food of the greater portion of them. It is not unusual to obtain a teaspoonful of honey from the crop of a single bird. Whenever the natives kill these parrots, they always suck the honey from their crops. It is said that the bird, while feeding, clings so tightly to the blossom from which it is extracting its sweets, that if shot dead its feet still retain their hold.

The lorries have a dense, soft plumage of the richest

Florida, if not a few degrees further north. Usually, they are birds of surpassingly brilliant plumage, and remarkable for their large size. They are distinguished from the other parrots by a very long, wedge-shaped tail, and certain other less noticeable peculiarities. They rarely learn to articulate more than one or two words, but are easily domesticated; and, on account of their affectionate dispositions and bright colors, are highly esteemed as pets. Their natural note is a hoarse yet piercing screech. They



GRASS, OR ZEBRA PAROQUET.

and mellowest hues. In confinement, they are active and lively, and manifest much affection. Red, scarlet and yellow are the prevailing colors of their plumage. The native region of the true lorries is South-eastern Asia and the adjacent islands. The Australian birds of the same name are not of so gentle a disposition, and, preferring ripening grains to flowers, are pernicious pests to the farmers.

The macaws and their congeners, embracing our own Carolina parrot, of which I have already given a brief account, are wholly confined to the western hemisphere, ranging from the straits of Magellan to

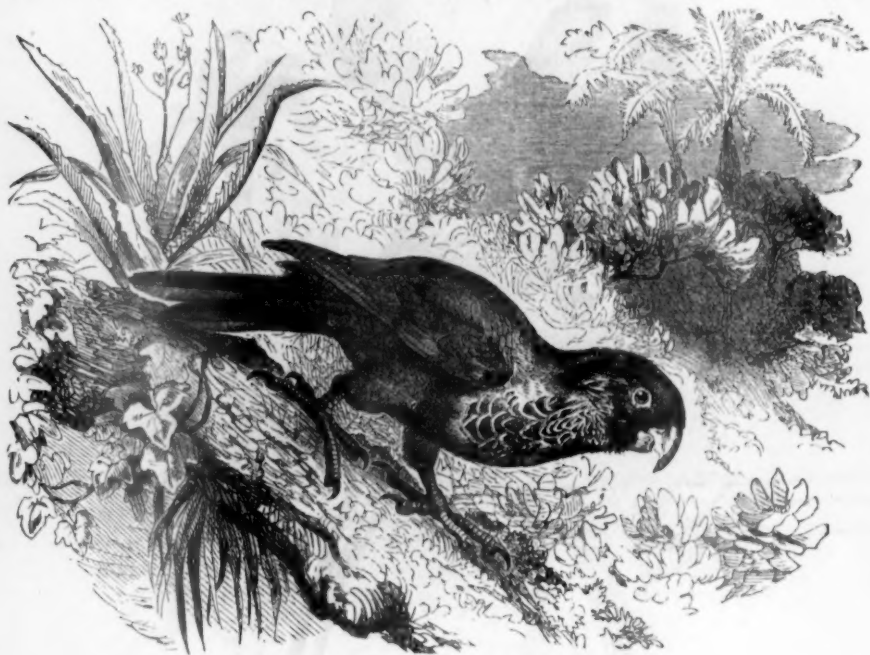
generally fly in large flocks, making a wonderfully brilliant appearance when seen in the sunlight. Feeding chiefly on fruits and seeds, they are greatly dreaded by the husbandmen, upon whose fields they make sad inroads. So great is the devastation wrought by them, that it is found necessary to watch the fields of corn day and night, from the time when the grain begins to ripen until it is cut and carried in. When a flock settles on a field, one of their number is posted on some elevated place as a sentinel, to watch, and, on the approach of danger, to give the alarm to the rest, by uttering a peculiar cry.

Of the red and blue macaw, one of the most common species, Waterton thus writes:

"Superior in size and beauty to any parrot of South America, the ara (or red and blue macaw), will force you to take your eyes from the rest of animated nature to gaze at him. His commanding strength, the flaming scarlet of his body, the lovely variety of red, yellow, blue and green in his wings, the extraordinary length of his scarlet and blue tail, seem all to join and demand for him the title of emperor of all the parrots. When the coucourite trees have ripe fruit on them, they are covered with this magnificent parrot. He is not shy or wary. You may take your blow-pipe and a quiver of poisoned arrows, and kill more than you can carry home. They are very noisy, and, like the common

"None of the lower animals, except the monkey, seem to have so much imitative power, particularly in relation to sounds—the imitative power of monkeys has more capacity in it for imitating gestures—as parrots, mocking-birds, ravens and other tribes of birds. Curiously enough, *this seems to be more or less a quality of tame, as distinguished from wild birds.*"

M. Du Chaillu, in a recent lecture, has adduced a singular piece of evidence in regard to the teachableness of parrots, which appears to call for some modification, at least, of the italicised statement in the above passage. He says that he was the possessor of a parrot, while in Africa, which he had taught to talk, and which itself instructed some twenty others of its race to talk. A number of these, escaping, taught other wild parrots in the forest to speak, and



DAPPLED PAROQUET.

parrots, rise up in bodies toward sunset, and fly two and two to their place of rest. It is a grand sight to see thousands of them flying over your head, low enough to let you have a full view of their flaming mantles. The Indians highly esteem their flesh, and use their feathers as ornaments in head-dresses."

Having thus somewhat hastily reviewed the various families of parrots, I will conclude this series of papers by presenting briefly a few out of the hundreds of anecdotes concerning these singular birds, which I might be able to gather. Previous to doing so, however, I am tempted to say a few words relative to a question which I find raised in the following passage from an article on "The Intellectual Power of Birds," in the *Popular Science Monthly* for September, 1873:

so, one day, he was astonished to hear quite a flock of wild parrots chattering together, in very choice language, on the top of a near tree. Future travellers in the African forests may yet be struck with wonder, to hear the parrots of that region talking with one another.

The wonderful power of memory possessed by parrots finds an exemplification in one of the oldest stories of this kind on record, of a parrot at Rome, about the end of the fifteenth century, which could recite accurately the entire Apostle's Creed.

Cockatoos, in general, learn to talk with difficulty. For this defect they make up "by peculiar expressions of sentiment and affectionate caresses," showing a wonderful degree of understanding. Buffon relates that he once saw a pair of cockatoos, which obeyed

with much docility, either by raising their crests, saluting by an inclination of the head, or replying to the questions of their master by mute signs of assent or negation. They told, also, by certain signs, the number of persons in the room, the hour of the day and the colors of dresses.

That was a famous bird, owned by Col. O'Kelley, the death of which was announced in the *London Evening Post* for the 9th of October, 1802. "This singular bird," said the announcement, "sang a number of songs in perfect time and tune. She

words, 'Laugh, parrot, laugh.' Yea, which was more wonderful, it would presently add, as if it had been endued with reason, but doubtless so taught, 'Oh! the great fool, to make me laugh!'"

Another parrot, which had grown old with an ailing master, who was always making complaint of his infirmities, when asked, "What is the matter, Polly?" would answer, in a dismal tone, and stretching himself out on the hearth, "I am very ill."

"Let me catch you doing that again!" called out a parrot to some street urchins, who had given a run-



GARUBA PAROQUET.

could express her wants articulately, and give her orders in a manner nearly approaching to rationality." This parrot, we are told, beat time with scientific accuracy; and so correct was its judgment, that if by chance it mistook a note, it would return to the bar in which the mistake was made, correct the error, and, still beating regular time, go through the whole with the utmost exactness.

In Willoughby's translation of Clusius' "Discourse on Parrots," we find the following: "The noble Philip Marnixius, of St. Aldegund, had a parrot whom I have oft heard laugh like a man, when he was by the bystanders bidden to do so, in these

away ring to the door-bell of a house at Acton, in England. One of the boys, seeing no one but the bird in the cage, and struck with a feeling of awe, called the next day, and apologized. As he was quitting the hall, Poll exclaimed, "Oh, then, you won't do that again?" If this was not human rationality, what can we call it?

In Lord Dundonald's autobiography, there is an amusing anecdote of a parrot which had picked up some nautical phrases, and had learned to use them properly. Some ladies were paying a visit to the ship on which it was kept, and were hoisted on deck as usual by means of a "whip," i. e., a rope passing

through a block on the yard-arm, and attached to the chair on which sat the person to be lifted on board the vessel. Two or three of the ladies had been safely brought on deck, when the unlucky parrot suddenly shouted out, "Let go!" The sailors hauling at the rope, instantly obeyed the supposed orders of the boatswain, and away went the poor lady, chair and all, into the sea, whence she was rescued without other injury than a good ducking and a sad fright.

The power of the parrot to imitate all manner of sounds is really astonishing. "I have heard," says Wood, "the same parrot imitate, or rather reproduce, in rapid succession, the most dissimilar sounds, with the most wonderful truthfulness. He could whistle, cry prawns and shrimps as well as any costermonger, creak like an ungreased 'sheave' in a pulley or keep up a quiet and gentle monologue about his own accomplishments with a simplicity of attitude that was most absurd.

"Even in the imitation of louder noises, he was equally expert, and could sound the danger whistle, or blow off steam with astonishing accuracy. He had also learned to imitate the grinding of capstan bars, and the metallic clink of the catch as it falls rapidly upon the cogs.

"To my mind his most perfect performance was the imitation of a dog having his foot run over by a cart-wheel. First there came the sudden, half-frightened bark, as the poor brute found itself in unexpected danger, and then the loud shriek of pain, followed by a series of howls. Lastly, the howls became fainter, as the dog was supposed to be limping away, and you really seemed to hear him turn the corner and retreat into the distance."

A lady had a gray parrot, which, at the age of four years, learned new words and sentences every day, making the most surprisingly appropriate application of them. Sometimes, when he got into mischief, his mistress would scold him, and he would immediately reply, with the utmost indignation, "Not a naughty Poll! Not a bold, bad bird!" And reiterate, all the time stamping his foot, and moving his body up and down, "I am not—I am not!" When his mistress praised him, he would call her a darling, and tell her that he loved her. He was extremely jealous of children, and could not bear to see his mistress caress them. If she did, he would cry out, "Go away, bold girl!" or, "Go away, bold boy!" as the facts of the case required, never mistaking the sex of the little one whom he addressed. He remembered and repeated correctly every name he heard. He would mimic a visitor's taking off of coat or shawl, by apparently trying to divest himself of his wings. He was very fond of playing with the cats; but, when tired of the sport, would whistle for the dog to chase them away.

"My lord says," observed a nobleman's house-keeper, showing a tourist through the picture-gallery of a grand country-house, "that that picture's by Paul Very Uneasy (Veronese); but what he's uneasy about, sir, I am sure I don't know."

THE DROPPED STITCH.

A LOVE STORY.

BY ELLA LATROBE.

I.

INTRODUCTORY.

"AUNT MARTHA, are you an old maid?"

The questioner was a bright little girl of ten summers. The person to whom the question was addressed was still called a "Miss," after our American manner, although full sixty years had gone over her head, and left their gray traces there. In this land of woman's rights, no lady reaches the dignity of "Mrs." except by grace of a husband. Miss Brown, aged sixty, was comely, dignified and well preserved. Troubles met and vanquished, had given to her features the mild, yet firm, expression of one who had succeeded—albeit with effort—against life's cares and trials. She feared nothing in the future, having been victor in the past, the conqueror and ruler of her own spirit. Some man had evidently lost, in failing to win her, one who would have been in all senses a helpmeet. Aunt Martha comforted herself with the saying of the prophet, "More are the children of the desolate." But when she quoted this scripture, she adapted it. She would not confess herself desolate, though she was not a married wife.

Her children—there were two—were the children of her sister. Their father and mother were both dead. The mother, bearing four children, buried two, and, herself dying, left the oldest and youngest to her sister; or rather, we might say, in her own death she diminished the number of Aunt Martha's dependents. Milton wrote of Eve:

"Fairest of all her daughters she."

And of Mary Thorne it could, by poetic license, be said, Most helpless of all her children she. It is a hard thing for affection to make the confession, but death is often a greater boon than life.

There were ten years between the oldest child, Mary, and the younger, Sarah. The older was busy with her book, the younger was nestled down at her aunt's knee, according to the intuitive artifice by which children postpone bed-time. Mary, aged twenty, looked up in amused amaze at the question put by Sarah, aged ten—"Aunt Martha, are you an old maid?"

Aunt Martha, amused also, did not answer at once, and the child put the question again, more emphatically and more interrogatively: "Auntie, dear, are you an old maid?"

"Well," said Aunt Martha, smiling, "I suppose so."

"But, auntie, you know, and need not suppose. Are you an old maid?"

"Yes," said Aunt Martha, shortly and decisively. The smile passed from her face for a moment, but returned as she inwardly and devoutly said: "Thank God for it!" Rising from her seat, she added that it was time that little chatterboxes were closed up for the night and put away upon their pillows.

As the little girl said the last amen to her evening prayers, she jumped up, and clasping Aunt Martha round the neck, said: "I knew that Mattie Stark told a fib when she said old maids are always cross and ugly! You are not cross, and you are not ugly, you dear old auntie!"

Aunt Martha kissed the child good-night, and returned to the "sitting-room." For such a room in her house the good old New England name was retained. The parlor was reserved for formal callers; and it was a privilege to be received there, and thence to be conducted to the more cosy family apartment, where books in use, and work in progress, were strewn about, marking the place as "home." Only intimate and informal neighbors passed direct to this inner shrine. Aunt Martha was not pleased, as she entered, to find Mattie Stark—Mattie Marplot were a better name—seated there in the easy attitude of one who would be intimate, whether desired or not. She was still less pleased to find that the current of talk which was issuing from Mattie's lips ceased suddenly as she entered. And she could not help noticing that Mattie's communication, whatever it had been, had excited and annoyed her niece. After a little very formal talk, Mattie declared that she "must be going." And she went, without encountering much persuasion to remain.

"I do not like that Mattie Stark," said Aunt Martha, as they resumed their chairs.

This was a great deal for Aunt Martha to say, and her niece could but acknowledge within herself that her aunt had reason. So she only replied: "Neither do I particularly like her, Aunt Martha."

"She is censorious, presuming and selfish. Her influence is bad; and in whatever she does or says, she has some concealed purpose for her own advantage or the gratification of her malice."

"You are severe upon her," said the niece, red-dening.

And now Aunt Martha was convinced that Mattie had that very evening been tampering with her niece's hope or peace. The niece resumed her book, Aunt Martha took up her knitting, and a long silence followed. But silence among kindred is not always unsocial. There is conversation without words between those who love. Mary Thorne's eyes furtively glanced up from her book from time to time. She read in Aunt Martha's face, as now a shadow and now a smile passed over it, that her thoughts were far away. At last a deeper sadness settled on her features. Tears gathered in her eyes, and "Dear me!" she cried, as a drop fell on her busy fingers. Half-conscious that Mary was watching, she turned aside hastily to brush away the tell-tale tears. Then, drawing near the light with her work, she repeated: "Dear me! I've dropped a stitch!"

"That is not all, Aunt Martha," said Mary, rising, and standing at her aunt's side, as she drew her loved head to her breast. "That is not all. There is something behind. I never knew you to drop a stitch, in my life, before, and I have watched you at

your knitting ever since I was born, I do believe. Come, auntie, no more tears, for I saw them in spite of you!"

"I did drop a stitch once—but it was before you were born, darling. And it changed the whole web of my life. Sometimes I think, or rather remember, that it was all for the best, and I am comforted, especially in you, my children, for you could not have been more mine, had I born you."

"And you have been, twice over, a mother to us, my dear aunt—mother and father, too. It seems to me, when I think, that I came out of a dark cloud into your arms. I remember—as if it was before I came into this world—darkened rooms, and mourning dresses, and people walking about like ghosts without the sound of a footstep.—I remember that they told me one day that my father was dead.—And after that, one morning, I was told that I had a little sister.—And while I was wondering why they did not show her to me—and why other people did not seem so glad as I—everybody took to weeping again,—and they told me that my little sister and I had no mother—for she was dead.—And nobody showed me my sister—and I supposed she must be dead, too—for death seemed to my little mind, then, all that happened in the world. I cried myself to sleep that night, wondering why I was not dead, too—and what death was like. All this, auntie, seems to me now like a dreadful dream of the time before I was born; and that I was not born really till the morning when you wakened me, and led me to the crib where my baby sister slept, and kissed me, and said, 'Now, I am the baby's mother, and your mother, too.' And then you tried to smile; and ever since shadows and sunshine have struggled in your face. I do love you dearly, auntie, and I do watch you closely, and I do long to know what the shadows mean. The smiles I can understand. They are the light of my life."

"Read the smiles, then, darling, and let the shadows pass."

"But I cannot, Aunt Martha. I am old enough to be taken into your full confidence, as I feel I am fully in your affection. I must know how much I owe you; not that I could love you more, but know why I love. Mattie Stark—"

"Never mind Mattie Stark," said Aunt Martha, interrupting. Then she tried to take up that dropped stitch, but her work slipped from her fingers, and she sat, silent and thoughtful. Mary stood, watching and waiting; and after a few moments' silence, resumed her seat, but not her book.

II.

AUNT MARTHA'S STORY.

MARY, Aunt Martha said, rousing herself at length, I must tell you what you so much desire to hear. If only the love of parents and friends could keep children in ignorance of what they need not know, it were a happier world. But the gossiping and officious will mar life's innocent simplicity; and those we love must be put to pain, to avoid worse

sorrows and suspicions. (Mary made no reply, though every word her aunt said was painfully suggestive.)

At your age, Mary, I was your father's first choice and early love. And he was mine. In my own case, I may add, he was my *only* love, in the sense in which woman loves man. With no other person has the thought, the possibility of marriage ever entered my thoughts, much less my heart. I have been conscious, too, that your father's soul was, in its depths, as true to me. But, as an honorable man—to a certain degree honorable—he never by word or willing look or sign gave any such hint, after the time when the expression of such a thought would have been baseness. You say you can read my face. So could he. And I could read his—read it whether he would or not. Ten long years passed in such dumb discontent with ourselves. If others suspected the hidden remorse—and especially she who shared it—by no word or act was the painful secret which clouded three hearts ever divulged. Two of the three are silent in the grave. The third seeks relief to-night by its first confession. At the same time I sorrow that over your young life should come the shadow of mine, though in your confidence I find consolation.

We were pledged to each other, your father and I. Our hearts were in the pledge. Between us came—she, too, is dead now—another such person as your false friend, Mattie Stark. She had her own purposes to effect. She could poison my ear, and cajole him. She caused our estrangement, but did not accomplish her own desire. She could distract Henry Thorne from me, but not win him to herself.

Angrily our plighted troth was broken. Each could release the other, but neither could feel released. Henry Thorne, embracing a business opportunity, accepted a foreign residence. Separation brought each of us to a better mind. I do not exactly know how it came about, but a correspondence sprang up between us. Heart went out to heart again. But the business engagements which Henry had so hastily entered into, he could not so readily lay down. Weary years passed. We thought them weary, but we still had hope; and did not dream how much more weary should be the years that should follow.

When Henry went abroad, I was at the blooming age that you are now. Oh, keep your heart young, darling, for with a heavy heart age grows apace, the face loses its charm and the sunken eyes their lustre. And my sister, your mother, was a happy child, alike in years, in pretty impertinence and in innocence to our little pet, who has already forgotten, in her happy sleep, that Aunt Martha is an old maid, whatever Mattie Stark may have told her that an old maid means.

As I lost the charms that win men's love, your mother gained. Years passed—eight years—and she shared in my pleasure, that a dear friend of whom she had a child's pleasant memory was to return. She was outspoken and demonstrative. I was silent and placid; but under my calm exterior I cherished a feeling of deep thankfulness, only chastened a little

by the thought that our own folly had lost us so much of youth's sunny time. The very day of his intended arrival was fixed, and your mother and I, each in our own way, were eager to welcome him. Your mother could question as adroitly as your sister can; but I had parried her queries, except so far as to confess that Henry Thorne's coming was to bring to me the happiest hour of my life.

"Of course," your mother said, "you will run to meet him, and not sit here in state till he is announced."

I dare say I should have done so had I been left to myself, but your mother's happy giddiness awakened the old maidishness which was growing upon me, and I said, with a severe face: "Of course not."

Your mother answered with a ringing laugh: "Well, then, Miss Prue, I shall. And I shall dress my very best, and look my very best, and give him my very best and heartiest welcome."

That happy, guileless laugh! Its echo is with me now, like remembered music; the last happy laugh, I think, that gushed forth from her innocent heart.

She did as she had threatened. From the window I saw her trip out to him. I heard her "Henry, welcome home!" I saw him for a moment look dazed and happy; and then he clasped her to his breast in a long embrace, against which she struggled, more amazed than displeased. It was "such fun" for her, as she afterward told me.

They entered the room; she flushed and he embarrassed. "There *she* is," said your mother, her lips smiling in spite of their pout. "Kiss *her* now, if you have any strength left for another such performance. I will turn my back upon you both!"

He looked from her to me, and then at her again. Heaven forgive me! But in a moment I saw it all. There stood his ideal, my double of eight years before. And for a moment I almost hated her, and quite loathed him. There stood his ideal, the beautiful creature of his memory and his dreams. And I? My face, which looked out to me from a mirror, showed but the spectre of her whom Henry had loved.

We had a calm, a decorous, a regulation embrace. My lips must have been like ice to his cheek. His lips burned upon mine. I felt that it was with the fire of my sister's blushes. That look of his! That silent comparison! That air of constrained submission! In all my life I had not encountered such an ordeal before. In all that has happened to me since, my heart has never sunk so low. The mingled emotions of that hour were something simply terrible. Jealousy of my sister—could I *dare* feel it? Contempt for my lover—yes, I did dare feel that. Humiliation for myself—I could not help it. Yet one could not keep forever young to wait a man's convenience. And I was not so very old. And if I were, he had grown old, too. There was a savage, perhaps a mean, pleasure in noting that. A man does not grow old gracefully when he lives the fast life of a wanderer and a bachelor. And when the wandering life begins in the desperation of disap-

pointed affection, the wear and tear are harder still. The love restored, you think, may mend the man. But there is always left a scar, if not a fracture.

What could any one of us there do? What could we say? We were very collected, each of us, very polite, very ceremonious, very measured and precise in the small talk beyond which none of us ventured. All I can say of that evening is, that after Henry Thorne took his leave, your mother declared he was stupid, and I retired with the headache.

Of course he called on the morrow, and on many morrows. Had he not come home from the ends of the earth to be married? And was he not ready to carry out his intentions, and to do what was expected of him, in the most dignified and martyr-like manner? As to ruptures, and all that, he intimated that we were too old. But he was not too old when he met your mother at the gate and mistook her for me!

The color faded out of our lives. Your mother scolded me, and continually pleaded for Henry Thorne against my indifference. This vexed me almost beyond endurance; but when they two, together, assumed to be my guides and reprovers, and to read me lectures on my lack of feeling, they quenched entirely what was left in me of any desire for the long deferred nuptials. Marriage with Henry Thorne had ceased to be a theme of pleasure to my thoughts. Could I think of it as a duty? A duty to whom? Not to myself certainly. To him? He did not deserve—perhaps did not desire it. To propriety? Well—perhaps—if there is propriety in construing the solemn words of the marriage service into a covenant between man and woman to be decorously miserable with each other, and keep on terms with what is called respectable society.

But I will not be wearisome. You can imagine how it all happened. I waked one morning from troubled dreams of travelling accidents. Your mother's room and mine communicated, and the door always stood open. I looked in. The bed was undisturbed, and here and there were scattered on the floor bits of packing-twine, a trunk label, a glove, a ribbon, tokens that some one had packed for a journey, and, as everybody does, had left traces of the flitting.

I could not recollect for a moment how all this had happened. But my own bridesmaid's dress was there thrown carelessly over a chair, its favors and flounces crushed and crumpled. I sat down in your mother's room, now hers no more, and recalled the events of yesterday—which seemed a year ago. I had seen her stand at the altar, and, oh, how beautiful! I had seen him stand there, in the brightness of his nuptials, all his youth renewed. And he was a perfect type of manly beauty. I had before, of course, given my full and free consent, so far as words and repeated affirmations could convey it. Yet, when the clergyman demanded, "If any man can show just cause why they may not lawfully be joined together," my rising heart choked me, and I bit my lips to hold my peace. And when he proceeded to "require and charge them both," I silently

wondered why *she* did not withdraw, and he take me with his right hand. But I fought down all these horrid fantasies. It is a good thing that the faces of bridal parties are turned away from the guests at the moment of trial, and that the clergy are men of feeling and discretion.

I supported your mother in acknowledging the courtesy of friends. I presided at the wedding festivities, and sped the parting travellers on their tour. But what a fearful masquerade for me! I faced it boldly. Mrs. Grundy's piercing eyes could see nothing but the alacrity with which *that* woman—meaning *me*—had relieved herself of a bad bargain. I had no such thought.

Time passed on, and Mrs. Grundy triumphed, and "knew it would be so." I would not speak unkindly of the dead—least of all, of your father, Mary. Perhaps women have more fortitude and character than men. I am, what you see me now and have always known me, a stay and support, in my poor woman's way, to all who lean on me. Your father was a dead weight and encumbrance to all whom he should have sustained. Don't grieve, darling. You would know why returning memories sometimes cloud my face. I have told you. Your father was neither worse nor better than thousands of other men. You, who now know his story, and the hidden sorrow of his life, can excuse him in your heart, when gossips, young or old, intrude things upon you, which your aunt would fain conceal from you and all the world.

And now I have told you all, except what has passed in the time of your own recollection. You and your sister are at the same relative ages as your mother and I were when your father and I broke the faith which we had pledged. A few years more will bring you to the age when your mother became, without design, the instrument of misfortune to your father, to herself and to me. I have found my happiness in you, dear children. Only you must not wonder that the memory of the past sometimes makes me drop a stitch, and let fall a tear upon it. Time brings it recompenses, and God has given me mine in your affection.

III.

SUPPLEMENTARY.

MATTIE STARK did not set Mary Thorne at odds with the young man to whom in all but formal words she was affianced; though neither the will nor the words were wanting on Mattie's part. In the course of preliminary events, the time was ripe for a declaration; and Mattie was active as the witch in Macbeth to frustrate it. "She just dropped in" on the very next evening, but finding that Mary (significant event) was *à l'été* in the parlor with the gentleman, Mattie "just dropped out" again. Little Sarah would rush for the parlor, despite her aunt, to bid her sister good-night. Fortunate it was that her little heels made a clatter in the hall, and her little hands fumbled at the door knob. The fond couple were ready to receive her demurely, but

with all becoming kindness—which they might not have been if she had broken in upon them un-awares.

When Mary had dismissed the lover, and came into the sitting-room for her chamber-candle, Aunt Martha said never a word, but looked up inquiringly—and did not drop a stitch. Mary bent over her and said—though she need not have spoken so low, since Sarah was up-stairs fast asleep—"I have said Yes to him, auntie!"

Oh, these children! How could the little torment know? At breakfast, next morning, the terrible infant broke out: "Now, you need not think, Mary, when you marry Dr. Ned, that you are to have him all to yourself. I mean to ride in his sulky with him, just the same as ever!"

Aunt Martha began a look of reproof, which subsided into a smile. For, she thought, that little rogue is not to become a rival for her sister.

And—Mattie Stark—"Humph!" she said, "I wish them much joy!" Whether Mattie was sincere in her wish or not—which is a question—they have it. Aunt Martha grows happier as she grows older. The shadows have fled her face, and a smile is its normal aspect. She wonders, sometimes, whether the giddy Sarah will not violate the family precedent, and become herself the old maid. But there is comfort in Aunt Martha's own experience, that the unmarried aunt may be the mother of her married sister's orphan children. Not that there is comfort in orphanage; but there is hope for the forsaken children, in the good, and brave, and self-denying reserve corps of unmarried aunts. As for Aunt Martha herself, she is ready to depart; since she feels that her life-work is done, and that she has taken up the last "dropped stitch."

SMALL THINGS.—Neglect of small things is the rock on which the great majority of the human race have split. Human life consists of a succession of small events, each of which is comparatively unimportant, and yet the happiness and success of every man depend upon the manner in which these small events are dealt with. Character is built up on little things—little things well and honorably transacted. The success of a man in business depends on his attention to little things. The comfort of a household is the result of small things well arranged and duly provided for. Good government can only be accomplished in the same way—by well regulated provisions for the doing of little things.—SMILES.

A STORY is told of a happy wife who, when asked how she managed her husband so successfully, replied, with a roguish smile, "My dear, I feed him well." There is a great deal in that. Those wives who are entirely dependent upon hired cooks make a sorry show at housekeeping. The stomach performs a very important part in the economy of humanity; and those who are forgetful of this fact commit a serious mistake. Even the lion may be tamed by keeping him well fed.

WHAT SHALL I DO

TO BE SAVED FROM THE CURSE OF DRINK?

BY T. S. ARTHUR.

CHAPTER IX.

I WAS not successful in my search for Mr. Granger, though I visited many of the principal saloons, and met with several persons who knew him; but no one whom I questioned had seen him during the night. It was nearly twelve o'clock when I gave up the search. I was debating with myself whether to return to my own residence or to go, even at this late hour, and ascertain whether he were at home or not, when, on passing a small court in which a tavern was located, a sudden sound of angry voices struck my ears. As I paused I saw a man thrust out of this tavern with violence. He fell with a dull, heavy sound on the pavement; and was kicked as he fell. The door shut in an instant afterwards, and the man was left to all appearance unconscious or dead.

I found a policeman in the next block, and after giving information as to what I had seen, was turning to leave him, when he detained me, saying that if the man had received any serious injuries I might be wanted as a witness. I took out a card, and writing my address on it, asked if that were sufficient. He said yes. I had gone from him for only a few paces when the possibility that the man I had seen might be Granger flashed through my mind, arresting my steps, and causing me to turn about and hurry back to the scene of the outrage of which I had been a spectator. The policeman was trying to raise the man from the ground; but the latter was either so stupified by drink, or so stunned by his fall on the pavement, as to be unconscious of any effort to arouse him. What was my pain and horror to see, as the face was turned to the light, the features of Alexander Granger. There was a great bruise on one of his temples from which drops of blood were creeping out; and his mouth was swollen as from a blow and bleeding.

By this time two or three men had come out of the saloon; and I noticed that one of them, on seeing the policeman, dropped quietly from the court and disappeared around the corner. The others assisted to bear the unconscious man into the tavern. It was a low, vile place; and the keeper a vicious-looking fellow, in whose eyes you saw the cruel instincts of a wild beast. He it was, as we learned, who had thrust Granger out; but he denied having kicked him as he fell. The cause for this violence was a drunken dispute. An argument about something had arisen, and the brutal logic of the bully had been used against the lawyer, who was too much under the power of drink for prudent self-restraint. His words had been answered by blows; and the blows had been very hard.

A physician was sent for, but before his arrival,

* Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1877, by T. S. ARTHUR, in the Office of the Librarian of Congress, at Washington.

Granger had partially regained his consciousness. An examination of the wound on his head showed nothing very serious. His mouth, however, had become dreadfully swollen; and the upper lip exhibited so bad a cut that it had to be closed with a few stitches and bands of adhesive plaster.

"There's a very sharp pain just here, doctor," said Granger, after the lip had been dressed, placing his hand to his side as he spoke. "I wish you'd see what it means. There's something wrong, I'm afraid."

"Wrong? I should think there was," replied the doctor, as soon as he had made an examination. "Here's a rib broken?"

A groan escaped the lips of the suffering man. Increasing pain was lifting him out of his drunken stupor.

"He had better be taken home at once," said the doctor. "I cannot attempt to set the broken bone here."

"Oh, no. Don't take me home!" Granger answered, quickly. "The station-house. Anywhere. But not home." His countenance was strongly agitated.

"To my house, then," I said.

"No! no! no! It's considerate of you, Mr. Lyon. But I will not be taken into any gentleman's house while in this condition. Why can't the bone be set here?"

"For reasons I will not attempt to explain," said the doctor, speaking with decision. "I think, sir," addressing me, "that you had better order a carriage and have him removed to his own house. I will accompany you, or you can send for his family physician. In any case, take him home. The fracture is, I fear, a bad one, and will require careful treatment."

Another groan came from Granger's lips. "If I were only dead!" he ejaculated.

A carriage was sent for. While waiting for it to come, Granger sat with closed eyes; his face now almost deathly pale, and with beads of sweat standing all over it. He made no resistance when the carriage arrived, and entered it in silence, accompanied by the doctor, a policeman and myself.

We were some ten or twelve blocks from his residence, and it took over twenty minutes to make the distance, as the driving had to be very slow. When we had come within a few hundred yards of his dwelling, he asked to have the carriage stopped for a few minutes until I could go and break the news.

Leaving the carriage, I went rapidly in the direction of his house. A light was burning in one of the upper windows. What should I say? How should I break this news to his poor, waiting wife? As I drew near, I noticed a shadow on the wall of the chamber in which the light was burning; a moving shadow as of one restlessly walking the floor. As the sound of my hurrying feet broke the silence I saw the shadow grow still for a moment, and then quickly disappear. I had scarcely rung the bell ere the door was drawn swiftly open, and Mrs. Granger's pale, almost rigid face met mine.

"Mr. Granger! What of him! Oh! Mr. Lyon, have you found him?" She had caught hold of me in her eagerness and suspense.

"Yes, yes. I've found him," I replied.

"But where is he? Why didn't he come home with you?"

"He is coming. He will be here in a little while," I said, trying to speak in a voice that would allay her excitement.

"In a little while! What's the matter, Mr. Lyon? Don't deceive me! Don't keep anything back! Am I wanted?"

I felt her hand close on my arm with a tight grip.

"No—no, Mrs. Lyon. You are frightened for nothing. You are not wanted. Your husband will be home in a few minutes. I came first to tell you and relieve your mind."

At this moment the sound of approaching wheels was heard.

"Is that Mr. Granger?" she asked, her face as white as ashes.

"Yes," I replied.

I saw that the whole truth had not occurred to her. She stood still, waiting until the slow-moving carriage was at the door; and not stirring until she saw the policeman step first to the pavement. Then there was a start and a repressed cry. Next came the doctor, and then, with the help of the policeman, Granger was assisted from the carriage. It was too dark for his wife to see his face until the light of the entry-lamp fell upon it as he was supported up the steps to the door.

She did not faint, nor cry out in wild terror as she saw that bruised, pain-stricken face; but, as if she had received a blow, staggered back a step or two; but quickly recovered herself, coming forward and saying, breathlessly, and in a hoarse whisper: "What is it? What's the matter?"

"Nothing very serious," the doctor answered. "Your husband has had a fall, and there's a rib broken. But he'll be all right in a short time. We must get him up to his own room with as little delay as possible."

In a moment all signs of agitation disappeared.

"This way," said the wife calmly, moving back along the hall, and then going lightly up-stairs and leading the way to the chamber in front. How tender and pitiful she was in every word and act; yet with no sign of weakness. Love and duty had lifted her into a sphere of calm self-possession.

I wondered as I observed her that night, moving about with a quiet, almost cheerful bearing, acting in concert with the doctor, ministering to her husband, giving and taking directions with the coolness and self-poise of an experienced nurse, what it meant? I had expected a painful scene, with outbursts of uncontrollable mental anguish; and my surprise was, therefore, the greater at what I saw.

It was between two and three o'clock before I left Mr. Granger. By this time the broken bone had been properly set, and he was not only free from pain but sleeping quietly.

I did not see him for several days, though I made frequent inquiries, and learned that he was doing well. A brief notice of the assault from which he had suffered found its way into the newspapers; but his name was not mentioned. No effort was made to arrest and punish his assailant; for that would have been to make his own disgrace public.

It was nearly a week afterwards that I received a note, asking me to call upon him. He was greatly changed, and looked broken, subdued and troubled. His lip was still considerably swollen and very sore. The wound had not healed readily, and the probabilities were that a disfiguring scar would be left. He held my hand tightly for some moments before speaking.

"I want to have another talk with you, Lyon," he said, his voice trembling a little. "I shall be out again soon, and then—" He stopped, with a strong movement of feeling in his face. "And then? God help me, Lyon! Is there no hope; no escape; no way of safety?"

His agitation increased. I did not reply. What could I say? He saw the doubt in my face.

"There must be help somewhere. Men are saved from this curse."

"A man may be saved from any evil if he will," I replied. "But if he will not, as I have said to you many times, even God cannot save him. If you had kept away from the enemy's ground, he could never have enslaved you again. You were free to pass over or to remain within the lines of safety. Of your own will you passed over."

"Poor, weak fool!" he murmured, bitterly. "Poor, silly moth, flying into the candle!"

"Let the days of weakness and folly pass forever. Let there be no more parlyings with this enemy—no more venturing upon his domain."

He shook his head gloomily.

"Of what value are all my good resolutions? Will they save me in the future any more than they have saved me in the past? Are they stronger to-day than they were last year or the year before? There must be something more, Mr. Lyon. Something stronger to lean on, or I am lost!"

"Lean on God," I answered. "Look to Him."

There was no brightening of his face.

"God helps those who try to get free from the sin that doth so easily beset them."

"Does He? Haven't I tried? Doesn't He know that I have tried? But where is the help?"

"It cannot come to you except in your reasserted manhood; and it will come if you stand fast in that manhood. God's strength will be your strength."

He sighed heavily.

"Mr. Gross was here yesterday, and he told me considerable about the New York Asylum at Binghampton. He thinks very favorably of the course pursued there, and spoke of several cases where patients have come home radically cured. He promised to send me the last report of the superintendent. If I thought any good would come of it,

I'd drop business and everything else and go under treatment there."

I said nothing to discourage the idea. There might be influences brought to bear upon him at this institution which would help to give him the mastery over himself. I could not tell.

At a subsequent visit, I found that the promised report had come into his hands, and that his mind was fully made up to leave for Binghampton as soon as he was able to travel, and spend as long a time there as the resident physician and superintendent thought his case required.

"It is a disease," he said, as we talked the matter over; "and as clearly defined as any other disease; and, moreover, as subject to remedial agencies. The best minds in the medical profession have given to this disease a most careful study, and know what organs are affected by it, and the exact character of the affection. Its treatment is based on true scientific and pathological principles, and so conducted as to give the patient a just knowledge of the means whereby he may retain his health after a cure has been made. He is not left to grope in the dark, every moment in danger of falling over some unseen stumbling block which may have been cast in his way."

I did not share in the new hope which had come to Mr. Granger; but was careful not to offer a word of discouragement. There might, as I have said, be influences brought to bear upon him at the asylum which would prove lasting. It was worth the trial at least.

And the trial was made. Four months were spent by Mr. Granger at the institution in Binghampton, where the treatment for intemperance as a disease was at the time up to the highest skill and intelligence of the medical profession. The treatment was moral as well as hygienic and sanatory. The first thing gained for the patient was his removal from the tainted atmosphere of common society, in which are perpetually floating the germs of the disease from which he was suffering. This was a most important gain, for it took him out of the region of exciting causes. His next gain was in the sanatory care and treatment given by the institution to its patients, through which a steady return to sound physical health was secured. Supplementing this was a thoroughly intelligent hygienic system, through which the health so regained was steadily improved and strengthened.

The moral influences under which he came were of the most salutary kind. Free from the morbid action of alcohol on the brain, his intellect and moral perceptions were clear once more. He could see and feel with a new intensity the obligations that were resting upon him as a man, and the awful responsibility to which he must be held if he did not keep them. There was a quickening of his higher, purer and better feelings; of honor, and a sense of duty; of all the tender social affections. Love for his wife and children, and shame and sorrow for the wrong and suffering he had brought upon them, grew deeper

and deeper as the cure went on. He wrote to me several time while in the institution; and his letters were of the most satisfactory character. He had gained wonderfully in health; and felt, he said, no desire for alcohol whatever, and was sure that he should never touch it again.

At the end of three months, Granger considered his cure so complete that he wished to return home and resume the practice of his profession, which was suffering greatly on account of his absence. In this he was opposed by the superintendent, who urged him to remain longer; in fact, not to think of leaving the institution until he had remained there for at least six months. The superintendent understood his case better than he understood it himself, and knew that he was very far from being cured. Treating intemperance as a disease of the physical organism, manifesting itself in a species of moral insanity, and understanding enough of the pathology of drunkenness to know that it wrought changes of condition of singular permanency, and left a most remarkable sensitiveness to exciting causes, he understood the great value of time in the work of strengthening the system, so that it might, when again exposed to assault, be able to resist the encroachments of disease. But he was not able to induce Mr. Granger to remain at the institution for a longer time than four months.

I met him soon after his return home. Four months under the new influences to which he had been subjected had wrought in him a marked change. I had never seen him in better physical health. His eyes were strong and bright, his complexion clear, his muscles round and tense. You saw that life, mental and physical, had gained a higher strength.

"I'm a new man, Lyon," said he, confidently, as he grasped my hand at our first meeting. "A new man," he repeated, "morally, mentally and physically. The lost has been found; the sick man restored to health; the dead is alive again."

There was a certain overflow of enthusiasm about him to which I could not heartily respond. He observed this, saying: "Wait and see, my friend. This isn't the old, sick, miserable body that I took away, with its relaxed pores standing open to drink in every disease that floated in the air. Here is healthy blood, and firm flesh, and high vital action; and what is more, reason and will have regained strength and dominion. I have found my lost manhood."

"And may God give you the strength to keep it," I made answer, speaking from a conviction which I could not repress, that only in God's help was there any sure hope for this man.

"He has given it already," he replied. "And I am taking it and using it. He is always giving; and we faint and fall by the way only because we do not take of the measure we need. This is your doctrine, I believe, Mr. Lyon."

"Yes," I returned, but not with any heartiness of manner.

"Not skeptical here, I trust," said Granger, with a slight lifting of his eyebrows.

"No. All our strength must come from God. In Him we live and move and have our being. The only question is, how are we to get this strength? And I will confess to you, Mr. Granger, that my mind is not so well settled on this point as it was a year or two ago. I had great faith in a man's will then. It is weaker now. And, if I must say it, out of your experience has come many of my doubts and questionings."

"Indeed." A shade of surprise in his manner.

"You remember that turning over of a new leaf a long time ago, and what Mr. Stannard said to you in regard to the writing thereon? About the 'I will not,' and 'By the help of God?'"

"Yes."

"And how I said that we received God's help only when we made an effort to do the right. That His strength flowed then into our endeavor, and only then?"

"Yes; and you said the truth."

"But you did not find it so, Mr. Granger."

A deeper shade of surprise on his face. "I did not use the strength. That was all."

"Why not?"

"The will failed, I suppose."

"Ah! There it is. The will to take the strength was lacking."

"Yes." A falling away from its firmness in his voice.

"I've thought a great deal about this in the last few months, Granger; and I'm afraid there's some error in my reasoning about God's ways with man. That in our efforts to do right, or resist evil, a divine strength sufficient for our day will not always come. It seems to me that it ought to come. But does it come? What is your experience?"

"I have had the strength to resist, as you know; and have stood in that strength for long periods of time," he answered.

"True; but it failed at last. Now God's power should never fail; and I have a conviction that it never does fail. What then?"

He did not answer me.

"There is one sphere of safety into which I think it will be wise for you to come," said I.

"What is that?" he asked.

"The sphere of the church."

There was no warm response in his face.

"So far as my observation goes," he replied, "church people are no better than others."

"More the shame for them," I answered. "But it is possible that your observation in this direction has been limited."

"Well, as you know, I've never taken much to religion. I'm not one of that kind. I go to church with my wife occasionally, but never get much interested. Now and then I hear a sermon that sets me thinking; but for the most part I find it dull work."

"The Church," I replied, "has been established by God. It is His kingdom on the earth; and its laws are divine truths revealed to us in Scripture

These laws, as you know, are very pure, and based on love to God and the neighbor. It is nothing against the Church that so many of its members do not comprehend the spirit and meaning of its laws; nor live in a true conformity thereto. And nothing against its power to protect us from evil, if we come within the sphere of its influence."

"You may be right in all that, Mr. Lyon; are right, no doubt; and I intend going to church with my family more regularly than heretofore."

"Do so by all means. I had a long talk with Mr. Stannard only last week on this very subject of church-going; and one or two things that he said have made a strong impression on my mind."

"Mr. Stannard is one of the best men I ever knew. If all professing Christians squared their lives by their doctrines as he does, Christianity would mean something," remarked Granger. "What did he say?"

"If for no other reason, he said, we should go to church to hear the reading of the Bible."

"We may read the Bible at home, if we will," Granger replied.

"True; if we will," I returned.

"And, then," he rejoined, "you know one may read the Bible every day, and a dozen times a day for that matter, and it will do him no good unless he obey its precepts."

"A knowledge of the law must go before obedience. This is as true of divine as of human laws. But I wish to bring to your attention one or two things said by Mr. Stannard in regard to the power of Holy Scripture, and the sphere of safety into which it must bring every one who receives it into his thought reverently, and lets it dwell there. They were new to me. Being the Word of God, the presence of any portion thereof in the thought, must, he said, bring, in a certain sense, God within us, and consequently nearer with His divine power to the enemies of our souls who are ever seeking to gain dominion over us; so enabling Him to fight in and for us by the power of His Word."

Granger sat reflecting on this for a considerable time.

"If that be so," he said, at length, "there is a saving power in the Bible beyond what I had thought."

"And a use in going to church beyond what you and I had imagined."

"Yes."

"For the reading of the Bible makes up a portion of the services, and the sphere of reverence and attention which we find in worshipping assemblies adjusts the mind to hearing and opens it to deeper impressions. The Word gets a firmer hold upon us and remains longer with us. We take it away in our memories; and when in temptation, can bring it out therefrom as a weapon—the sword of the Spirit—with which to fight our enemies."

"Mr. Stannard said," I continued, "that God's Holy Word is sufficient for us under any circumstances of temptation; and that we have only to

resist the devil as our Saviour resisted when led of him into the wilderness to be tempted, and he will depart from us."

"How did He resist?" asked Mr. Granger.

"By the utterance of truth from Scripture; and the power of this Divine Word was so great that the devil could not stand before it."

"Yes, that is so. 'It is written,' was the Lord's answer. I never thought of its meaning before."

"In the very way that strength for victory came to Him as He met the hosts of hell on the plane of His infirm human nature, will it come to us and give us the victory also, said Mr. Stannard. From this view of the case, the value of public worship is evident, and I am sure, Mr. Granger, that you will stand safer within than without the sphere of the church."

"You may be right," he answered. "Nay, I am sure you are right. I must see Mr. Stannard and have a talk with him. He is one of the men in whom I believe."

CHAPTER X.

FOR awhile Granger went regularly to church; but after a few months his place in the family pew was often vacant.

"I don't see you at church as much as usual," said I, on meeting him one day.

"Well—no," he replied, speaking with some hesitation of manner, "and I don't know that I've any valid excuse for staying away. But, the fact is, Mr. — is so intolerably dull and prosy, I get tired to death. He doesn't seem to think at all; but just to open his mouth and let what happens to be in his memory come out. Old stereotyped forms of speech, and sentences that mean anything or nothing as you choose to interpret them, make up the staple of his sermons. You don't get an advanced idea from him once in a month."

"Go somewhere else. To hear Mr. —, for instance. But don't stay away from church."

"I've been to hear Mr. — a number of times. But one tires of mere picture-painting, though the artist have rare skill in his line. He says many beautiful things in an eloquent way; and so do the orators and the poets. But a poor, tired and tempted soul will get little help from his preaching. It is pleasing and popular; but after that is said, about all is said. Ah, my friend!" his brows drew closely together, and his voice fell to a serious tone, "your churches and your preaching are all well enough for easy-going, good sort of people, with a kind of natural heavenward drift; but they don't do much in the way of getting hold of us restless, challenging, hardened fellows, who want to know about the reason of things; and who, unhappily, are in the drag of a current that is bearing us down, down, down, it may be to eternal ruin!"

There came a stern, almost angry expression into his face.

"You mustn't feel in that way, Granger. It isn't good. The preachers may not be all we could wish;

but they are, for the most part, sincere men, and in the effort to do the best they can for the salvation of souls."

Oh, yes. No doubt of it. But it rarely happens that I find one who can feed my hunger."

Was it his own fault or the fault of the preacher? Was he not hungering again for the flesh pots of Egypt, and loathing the manna and the quails? I had my fears. What had been done for him during his four months at the asylum? It was a question of momentous interest. Had there been a cure, or only a temporary suspension of diseased action? Did he not stand in as much danger to-day as before he placed himself under treatment? Was not his fall again only a matter of time?

These questions pressed themselves on my mind and gave me much concern. Think as closely and as earnestly as I could on the subject, I was not able to see wherein lay his immunity. He was back once more in an atmosphere tainted with disease. Predisposition had not been eradicated, and old exciting causes were active again. As time went on, and the fine health he had brought home with him from the asylum gave place to the exhausted nervous conditions which are sure sooner or later to follow excessive devotion to business, would not the old hunger for stimulants arouse itself and become irresistible?

The more I considered this view of the case, the more my concern increased; and I felt that something far more radical must be done for Granger than had yet been accomplished, ere his reform was a thing assured. His drifting away from church influences was, I feared, only an indication of the awakening of old desires, and the turning of his thoughts downward to the things in which they had once found gratification.

I was much relieved on the Sunday following to see Granger in church. He sat for most of the time during the services in an attentive attitude; and it struck me that his manner was unusually subdued and serious. I noticed that while a particular lesson from Scripture was read, that his eyes were not taken from the clergyman for a single moment. It was the one hundred and twenty-first Psalm: "I will lift up my eyes unto the hills, from whence cometh my help. My help cometh from the Lord, which made heaven and earth. He will not suffer thy foot to be moved: he that keepeth thee will not slumber. Behold, he that keepeth Israel shall neither slumber nor sleep. The Lord is thy keeper: the Lord is thy shade upon thy right hand. The sun shall not smite thee by day, nor the moon by night. The Lord shall preserve thee from all evil: He shall preserve thy soul. The Lord shall preserve thy going out and thy coming in from this time forth, and even forevermore."

Other passages read or chanted during the services, seemed as if especially designed to meet his case, and lead him to put a higher trust in God. "They that trust in the Lord shall be as Mount Zion, which cannot be removed, but abideth forever. As the mountains are round about Jerusalem, so the Lord is

round about His people from henceforth even forever." "The Lord is nigh unto all them that call upon Him, to all that call upon Him in truth. He will fulfil the desire of them that fear Him: He also will hear their cry, and will save them." "Like as a father pitieth his children, so the Lord pitieth them that fear Him. For He knoweth our frame; He remembereth that we are dust."

I did not get an opportunity to speak to Granger after church, but I was struck with the seriousness of his face as he passed along the aisle. His eyes were cast down, and he did not notice any one as he moved with the crowd.

"What do you think of Granger's case?" I asked of Mr. Stannard not long after this.

"I greatly fear for him," was replied.

"He has kept himself straight since his return from the asylum."

"Yes; but the saving power of such institutions has its limits. They are good as far as they go, and have helped to restore many men to good citizenship. I say nothing against them. I wish their number were increased. But there are cases in which they rarely, if ever, make permanent cures; and Granger's is one of them. The appetite for drink has taken too deep a hold. For him, I fear, there is no help in man. Only God can save him; and if he does not go to God, humbly and prayerfully, his case is next to hopeless."

"I am sorry you take so gloomy a view of the matter, Mr. Stannard. Will not God help him unless he pray to Him?"

"Can He help him if he does not?"

"I don't know. There's something just here that I do not clearly understand."

"Can a mother feed her babe, though her breast be full, if it turn its mouth away? It may be fainting with hunger, and the mother's heart may be full of love and pity, but if it will not touch the paps what can she do? Prayer is not an arbitrary service, but an attitude of the soul. A simple turning of the spirit, conscious of its own weakness and sinfulness, to the source of all goodness and strength, and accepting what God is ever seeking to give; but which He can only give to those who truly desire to receive. God is always coming to us and seeking to save us; but unless we turn to Him, and look to Him, our rescue is impossible. It is in ourselves that we are lost; and if we will not come out of ourselves, wherein are all our pains and desolations, how can God save us?"

"I don't know. The way ought to be made very plain and easy."

"It is plain and easy. Only to turn from self to God. Only to take the hand that is forever reaching down. Only to ask and receive," Mr. Stannard replied. "God cannot give to those who will not take."

"Yes, yes; all doubtless true. But how shall one turn from self to God? How grasp the hand that is forever reaching down? How take what God perpetually desires to give?"

"Only when a man feels that in and of himself he can do nothing, and that unless help come from above he must perish, can he really turn from self to God. Before that he trusts in his own strength; and so long as he does this, divine strength cannot be given."

"Why not?"

"Can a man use what he will not take? So long as one trusts in himself, he does not use the strength of another."

"And so, until a man feel this utter helplessness, God will not reach down and save him?" said I.

"Of what avail is God's offered hand if the man will not take it? Of God's strength if the man will not use it? Not until he is in utter despair of himself does he really accept help from above. Until then he trusts to an arm of flesh, and not to the all-conquering and all-sustaining power of God. In the very moment that a man comes into this state of despair and lifts thought and desire heavenward, he prays effectually; takes hold of God; gets his feet upon a rock; comes within the sphere of Divine protection; is saved from the power of his enemies. Forever saved? Yes, if he keeps his hold upon God and remains within the sphere of His divine protection. How shall he maintain this hold? Only through steady looking and right living. He must cease to do evil, and learn to do well. Must make the laws of God the laws of his life. If this be not done God cannot make him to dwell in safety."

"For a man like Granger you think there is no security but in the church?"

"Unless he dwell in God, he cannot dwell secure; and the church is God's kingdom on the earth."

"Does not Scripture say that the kingdom of God is within us?"

"Yes. God's kingdom is a spiritual kingdom, and can have no real existence but in the souls of men. But it is internal and external, because man is internal and external; and has its internal sanctities as well as its external ceremonials and forms of worship. The laws of this kingdom are the precepts of the Holy Word; and only those who keep these precepts in the heart and life are really the subjects of this kingdom. All such are free from the power of hell; for God dwells in them and around them."

"Must, then, a man join the church to come into God's kingdom?"

"I think he will find that kingdom by the way of a church-door more easily than in any other way. We are none of us so strong that we can afford to do without the help that comes from association with our fellow-men. God did not make us to stand alone, but in mutual dependence. This is as true in spiritual as in natural things. And so the church to be a power with men must be external as well as internal."

"You may be right about all this," I made answer. "Certainly I should feel more confidence in Granger's reformation if I knew that he was oftener at church. I was glad to see him there last Sunday. But I have felt more concerned for him since then than

usual. The reason may appear to you a little strange."

"What is it?"

"I have never seen his face so serious nor his manner so absorbed as they were during the services of the morning. While the lessons from Scripture were read, his eyes were scarcely turned for an instant away from the minister. In all the church there was not, apparently, a more deeply interested listener."

"A reason for hope rather than concern," said Mr. Stannard.

"That depends on the cause of this unusual sobriety of demeanor," I answered. "My thought has been, that the long-repressed appetite is beginning to assault him once more; and that, day by day, the conviction is becoming stronger and stronger in his mind that it will sooner or later acquire the mastery again. His coming to church, and especially his demeanor in church, may be the signs of his sense of weakness and danger; an effort to gain help from higher influences,—a half-desperate reaching out of his hands in the dark for something to which he may cling when the waters that are moving upon him rise higher and gain the force of a resistless flood."

"If this be so he is turning to the Strong for strength, and seeking help where it can alone be found."

"But don't you see, that if this be so, Mr. Stannard, how desperate the case may be? The floods are rising against him. He feels that his strength is going. He is half-blind—half-desperate. Will he take hold of God? If not, what then? Ah, sir! I cannot but feel a low shiver of suspense as I realize in thought this awful crisis for a human soul."

"In which it has only to cry out as it turns from self to God: 'Save Lord, or I perish!' to be lifted from the flood."

"But if it fail in this? If it cannot, or will not?"

"There is no such thing as cannot for a tried and tempted soul. It can look to God and take hold of God if it will."

"But," I said, pressing the question, "if it will not?"

The light went out of Mr. Stannard's face and it grew very sober.

"It was because of this 'I will not,'" he replied, "that the Lord in His tender mercy bowed the heavens and came down into our very debased humanity, that we might see Him as a Divine Man, and feel the warmth of His compassion, and know Him as our friend and Saviour, and that He might inspire in us the 'I will,' by which He could lift us back again into the pure and happy life which we had lost."

"But if this cannot now be inspired into the soul of Mr. Granger?" said I. "What then? Must he fall in his hour of trial and darkness?"

"If the external strength which he has acquired be not sufficient for him—the considerations of honor and good citizenship; of worldly ambition and prosperity; of love and regard for his wife and children; of personal well-being and happiness,—and he will

not take God's strength instead, what shall save him? I know not. But let us hope that he is going to God in the right way. I believe that he is."

"Ah, if one could know! I feel that another great crisis has come to our friend. If he should not pass it safely, he may fall never to rise again."

"He can never fall so low," was answered, "that God's love will not be still reaching down and seeking to save him. All day long He will stretch out His hands to him; all day long call after him in tones of love and compassion, 'Son, give me thy heart!' and it will not matter how low he may fall, nor how far away he may wander into the desert of sin and shame, the moment he hearkens to that voice and turns from himself to God, he will be in the fold of safety. It is a good thing for Granger that he is feeling his own helplessness, and beginning to look for help from above. He may not find it now, because he may not be ready to give his heart to God; but if, trusting in his own strength, he should fall again, God will not forsake him, but still go after him, and it may be find him so weak, and helpless, and despairing, that he will no longer hold back, but throw himself into the loving arms of his divine Saviour. Then will be born in him a new life from above; and if he live this life he shall never fall again; for it is a heavenly life. Not a mere life of faith and feeling, but of love to God and good will to man, that continually shows itself in a keeping of the commandments in the spirit as well as in the letter."

"It is your belief, then," said I, "that until Mr. Granger becomes a religious man there is very little hope for him."

"Very little, I fear."

"He must unite himself with the church?"

"It would be better for him. But joining the church will not make him a religious man. That is the effect of an internal change, not of an external relation. There must be a new spiritual birth before there can be a new man. 'Marvel not that I said unto thee, Ye must be born again.'"

"Ah, if we knew just what that meant," I said.

"That which is born of the flesh is flesh," said Mr. Stannard. "Let us rise higher in our thought. The new birth is in the soul. It has been down into the world, where it has gone by way of the senses, and has lived the life of the world, which is a selfish life, and evil because selfish. The more intense this life, the more opposite to the life of Heaven has it become. Now, unless a new life be born in the soul, it can never come into Heaven, which is a state of love to the Lord and the neighbor. How this life is born is the great and important question. Let me make it as clear to your understanding as lies in my power. This new birth is effected by means of Divine truth cast into the mind as a seed, and the new spiritual birth has its beginning in the very moment that a man endeavors earnestly and by the help of God to obey this truth. For to do is to live. If the doing is in obedience to Divine truth, which teaches that a man shall not only love God, but cease to do evil, then the new man, a weak and almost helpless infant

as yet, begins really to live and grow; and the divine sphere is round about it, and all the powers of Heaven are arrayed for its protection. It is absolutely safe, this new-born child, so long as it takes the sincere milk of the Word, and lives thereby. But in danger the moment it turns itself away therefrom, and attempts to feed on the husks that can only sustain the lower life of selfishness and sin. The spiritual man cannot subsist on these. It must have heavenly food or it will die."

"Then it is not the instantaneous washing and purifying of the old natural man, but the birth of a new spiritual man, which must live and grow until it attain the full stature, as the apostle says, of a man in Christ Jesus."

"The natural man is for this world. The spiritual man for Heaven. We must come into the Kingdom of Heaven as little children, not as full-grown spiritual men. He called a little child and set him in the midst of them, and said, 'Verily I say unto you, except ye be converted, and become as little children, ye shall not enter into the Kingdom of Heaven.' First a weak child, with the angels that do always behold the face of my Father close about Him; afterwards a strong spiritual man, ruling in righteousness over all the lower things of natural life, and bringing them into heavenly order—establishing the kingdom of God in the natural man, and doing the will of God in the earth as it is done in Heaven."

"Taking this view," I said, "is not the confident state of mind we so often see in young converts one of false security, and attended with great danger? We hear them speak with the assurance of strong men."

"While yet only babes" in Christ. Yes, this state is one of false security, and therefore its dangers are great. No wonder that so many stumble; that so few keep to their first love. They use strong meat instead of milk; try to lift themselves to the stature of full-grown men, and to walk with long strides; are bold and confident. But being only little children, they fall; having no root in themselves, they endure but for a while, and when tribulations and persecutions arise because of the Word, by and by they are offended."

CHAPTER XI.

I HAD left my office a little earlier than usual in the afternoon, and was on my way homeward, when, on turning the corner of a street, I saw Mr. Granger just in advance of me. He was walking slowly, with his head bent slightly forward. Quickening my pace, I soon joined him. As I laid my hand on his arm and spoke, he gave a start, and when I looked into his face I saw the color rising. There was something in his eyes that gave me a feeling of uneasiness. His manner was more repressed than cordial.

We walked together for the space of a few blocks, and then our ways parted. We had not, in our

efforts to talk, touched upon any subject in which we found a mutual interest; and therefore our brief intercourse had been marked by constraint. What followed our separation I learned long afterwards, and from the lips of Mr. Granger himself. I give the story in his own words.

"I had been fighting the old appetite desperately," said he; "fighting it for weeks, and being often on the very eve of defeat and surrender. But the awful condition into which I would be cast if I fell into the enemy's power held me to my post. I saw my home desolated, my wife broken-hearted, my children beggared—and I so loved them! I saw myself cast down again and to a lower depth of misery and degradation than any into which I had yet fallen. The horror that was before me was appalling; and all the while I felt the peril increasing—my enemy growing stronger, and my power of resistance weaker.

"And now it seemed as if all hell were against me. I could not look this way or that; go here nor there; but temptation met me face to face. Men who knew nothing of my past history, and some who knew it too well, invited me to drink. At dinners, at social gatherings, at private interviews with clients, at friendly meetings on the streets and in offices and stores, the glass was offered or the invitation to drink given. I wearied of saying No; and began to feel ashamed of the weakness that so often brought on me a look of surprise when I pushed the extended cup aside. In the street I could not walk for half a square without encountering a saloon which gave to appetite a reminder through the sense of sight or smell. You may think it strange; but I have gone out of my way again and again in order to avoid passing a certain drinking saloon, the very sight of which, more than any other, quickened my desire for liquor.

"Stronger and stronger became the pressure of the downward current, and my sense of danger greater. I looked this way and that for help, but saw no way of escape. All faith in my own manhood was fast leaving me, and I knew that the time must come when some stronger sweep of the waters would bear me away.

"It was this feeling that drew me to church sometimes. But I went, always, under a kind of protest, and while there too often set my thought against what I heard, instead of opening my mind to the sacred influences of the place. I shall never forget the last Sunday on which I attended worship—I tried to stay away, and made many excuses to myself for remaining at home. But none of them prevailed. As I entered the church doors on that morning, I was conscious of a new feeling. As if I had stepped from an arena where I had been fighting for my life, into a place of rest and safety. My heart was touched and opened. The lessons from the Bible particularly impressed me; and many of the divine words seemed as if spoken for my assurance. I felt, as I had never felt before, that by the help of God I might stand fast; and I resolved to go to Him and ask Him for aid and succor.

"I went out in the afternoon, saying to my wife that I was going to see Mr. Stannard. I wanted to have a talk with this good man about religion and the church; for I had great confidence in him. But I did not do as I intended; and here was my fatal error. When only a short distance from his house, I met a couple of friends riding out, and weakly yielded to their solicitations to go with them for a drive in the Park. As I entered the carriage I was sensible of an opposite impression to that which I had felt in the morning. Then it seemed to me as if I had passed from strife and peril into a place of safety; now, from a sphere of safety into one of danger. But it was too late for me to recede. The carriage was in motion again and I once more adrift on a current too strong for my steadily lessening powers of resistance.

"A drive for an hour in the Park with pleasant friends, and then an invitation to drink at one of the restaurants. I took only ginger ale; but the smell of their stronger liquors was in my nostrils, and I felt an almost irrepressible desire to taste them. The very act of drinking with these friends, though what I took might only be a harmless beverage, had an evil influence on me.

"I would see Mr. Stannard in the evening, I thought, as I entered the carriage; but when evening came, my state of mind had undergone so complete a change, that the very thought of religious things was distasteful. For the two or three days that followed, it seemed as if I could not turn to the right hand nor to the left without temptation. It was not greater than usual, perhaps; only I was weaker and more open to assault. The day at whose close I met you, as I was on my way homeward, had been marked not only by many incidents of warning, but by an unwonted number of solicitations. I was weary and exhausted from incessant conflict; and what was worse, my mind was losing its balance. I could not hold it to the high considerations of honor, and duty, and love, which had hitherto influenced me. A cloud came down over it. Clear-seeing was gone. I felt only an irresistible craving. It was as if an evil spirit had taken possession of perception and feeling, and held them to a single thought and desire; the thought of liquor and the desire to drink. Was I not for the time insane and irresponsible? Could I help the fatal plunge I made?

"You remember our brief meeting. Scarcely had we parted when a client for whom I was conducting an important suit, laid his hand on me, saying: 'Ah! This is fortunate, Granger. I missed you at your office. Some new facts, of great importance in our case, have come into my possession, and I wished you to have them with as little delay as possible.' He drew his arm in mine and we walked for a short distance, trying to converse. But the noise and confusion of the street interrupted us. As we were passing a drinking saloon, he said: 'Come; we'll get a quiet corner in here, and talk this matter over.' I went with him passively. We found a quiet corner. 'What will you have?' he said. I made a feeble

effort to get to my lips the words, 'Nothing for me,' but failed, and in their stead, as if my organs of speech were controlled by another, answered, 'Not particular. Anything you please.' Beer was set before me, and I drank. You know the rest."

His client did not find him at his office on the next morning, nor in the court-room when the trial of his case, which had been opened on the previous day, was continued. The new facts which had been given to Granger were not put in evidence, and the associate counsel had, in his absence, to meet the issue without them. The result proved disastrous—the case was lost. But that was of small consideration in comparison with the loss of the man who had been tempted at the moment when the power to resist was almost gone.

How rapid the fall which came! It was an almost headlong plunge. The whole man seemed to give way. For over two weeks it was a perpetual debauch with drink, and the end came only when the overstrained nerves and organs gave way, and he was prostrated by sickness. His recovery was followed by a speedy relapse into intemperance. As far as could be seen, there was no longer any effort on his part to resist the demon of appetite, or to struggle against the stream that was bearing him down. In every conflict with this demon he had in the end been beaten, and with each new rally there had been loss of strength. What hope of victory in any new battle? He felt that here was none, and weakly abandoned himself to his fate.

Alas for the swift descent! Friends fell away from him. Clients removed their cases from his hands. Business forsook his office. More than half his time was spent in drinking-saloons, or in sleeping off the effects of drunkenness. Scarcely six months had elapsed when, in passing his residence on Spruce Street one day, I saw a bill on the door. The house was for rent. In the following week he moved away, his family dropping again out of the old circles.

Occasionally, after this, I met him on the street. The change in his appearance was sad to witness. Excessive drinking had swollen and distorted his face, robbing it of its fine intelligence. All the fire had gone out of his eyes. Meeting him on one occasion, I took his hand and said: "Granger, my dear man! this is all wrong. You will kill yourself."

A strange gleam shot across his face; and there was a brief disturbance in his manner. Then, with a short laugh, he replied: "All right. The sooner it's over the better."

"No, no. It's all wrong. Come round to my office. I want to talk to you."

"No, thank you. It won't be of any use; and besides, I've an engagement."

"It's never too late to mend," I urged. "Never too late to stop—"

"You don't know anything about it," he said, with some impatience of manner, interrupting me. "When the devil of drink gets you fairly in his clutches, there's small chance left. Good-bye, and God bless

you!" There was a break in his voice in the closing sentence.

Turning from me abruptly, he walked away. I heard, not long afterwards, that in order to keep her two younger sisters at school, his oldest daughter, Amy, a beautiful young girl, who made her appearance in society about a year before, had assumed the duties of a teacher in the seminary where they were being educated, and that Mrs. Granger was trying to get music scholars.

Next it was said that Granger had become abusive to his family. I could not believe this, for I knew something of the natural tenderness of his heart, and the strength of his old love for his wife and children. Even while under the influence of drink, I did not believe that he would be anything but personally kind to them. How great, therefore, was my surprise and sorrow when a few months later the fact became known that his wife had left him on account of ill-treatment, and was living with her three daughters in the family of a relative.

Granger still had his law office, and was occasionally in court as counsel in some petty larceny or assault and battery case, picking up a fee here and there, and managing to get money enough to supply the demands of his insatiate and steadily increasing appetite. But the time came when even this poor resource failed. When few, if any, were found willing to trust even the most trifling cause to a man who might stand up in court on the day of trial so much intoxicated as to be unable to tell on which side of the case he was pleading.

In less than two years from the date of his last relapse into drunkenness, Granger had fallen so low that to get money for drink he would stoop to any meanness or falsehood. All shame, all sense of honor, all regard for the truth, had died out of him. He had become a miserable beggar, making his daily round among the law offices and through the court-rooms, soliciting the loan of a trifle here and a trifle there from old friends and acquaintances, and taking rebuffs, curses, stern rebukes and pitiful remonstrances with but few signs of feeling. Promises of amendment he would make without limit. If the asked-for loan were withheld under the plea that he would spend it for drink, he would not hesitate about making the most solemn asseveration that he had taken no liquor for days, and only wanted to get something to eat, not having tasted food for twenty-four or thirty-six hours, as this or that period happened to come to his lips. One lie with him was as good as another, so that it served his purpose. And there had been a time when he would have felt his high sense of personal honor tarnished by even a small prevarication! So had the robber demon of drink despoiled the man! And not of honor alone; every moral sense had been stolen away, drugged into sleep, or wrested from him.

I saw a crowd in the street one day, and crossed to see what it meant. As I came near, I observed a slender girl, who had been drawn into the group of men and women, moving back hastily, as if shocked

by what she had witnessed in the centre of the crowd. A white, almost terror-stricken face met my view as she turned. I was impressed by something familiar in its contour and expression. I saw it only for an instant, for the young girl fled past me as one affrighted and went hurrying down the street. For a moment or two I stood looking after her swiftly-retreating form, wondering where I had seen her. All doubts were settled when, on pressing forward, I saw Alexander Granger sitting on the pavement and leaning back against a door-step, so drunk that he could scarcely hold his head up; while a policeman was endeavoring to lift him to his feet. The girl was his daughter Amy!

A few hours afterwards, as I stood on the steps of my own residence, about to enter, the door was drawn open from within and I met the face of Granger's daughter again. The whiteness had not yet gone out of it. She gave a little start at seeing me.

"Miss Granger, I believe," said I, with kind familiarity in my voice, extending my hand at the same time. I felt a tremor in the small, soft palm that was laid in mine for an instant and then withdrawn. Tears were coming into the poor girl's eyes, and I saw that her lips were quivering. I stepped aside that she might pass, and in a moment she was gone.

Inside the door my own precious daughter, just Amy's age, met me, and laid her loving kisses on my lips. I could not trust myself to speak because of the tearful pity that was in my heart for the worse than fatherless girl who had just gone out over the threshold of my happy home.

"What did Amy Granger want?" I asked, as with an arm about my daughter we went from the hall into the parlor.

"She's trying to get a place in the Mint, and she called to ask mother about it, and to see if you wouldn't sign her application."

"Why, of course I will. Did she leave it?"

"Yes. And she asked mother to ask you if you didn't know somebody else who would help her by signing it?"

"Poor child!" I said, pityingly. "To be so robbed and wronged! Of course I'll do all in my power to help her. I'll see the director of the Mint myself, and if there's a place vacant, I'll not leave a stone unturned but she shall have it."

"There's something so sweet about her," said my daughter. "So refined, and modest, and gentle. Oh, it must be very hard! What an awful thing this drunkenness is! Why, father, dear," and the sweet girl drew her arms about my neck and laid her cheek against mine, "I should not have a moment's peace if you drank wine or beer every day as some men do."

"You'd have cause for trouble, my darling, if that were so," I replied, "for no man who uses them can be regarded as safe. I know of a dozen ruined homes that were once as secure and as happy as ours. It was drink that desolated them. And I know of many more that are in danger, and towards which ruin is walking with slow but steady steps."

She held her arms more tightly about my neck. When she lifted her cheek from mine her eyes were wet with tears.

My efforts to secure a situation in the Mint for Miss Granger were not successful, another applicant for the vacant place getting the appointment. But my interest and that of my family were thoroughly awakened in behalf of the girl, who not only desired independence for herself, but an opportunity to help her mother and younger sisters. The best that could be done for her in the beginning was to secure the position of attendant in a photograph gallery at four dollars a week. It was accepted with thankfulness. Mrs. Granger, who had commenced giving lessons in music even before her separation from her husband, continued in the profession of teacher, and had scholars enough to give her a moderate income and keep her above absolute dependence on the relatives who had so kindly offered her a home in her sore extremity.

It was three or four months after we had succeeded in getting a place for Amy Granger, that, on coming home one day, I found her mother waiting to see me. I did not know her on first coming into the parlor, a year or two had so changed her, and when on my entrance she arose and introduced herself, I could scarcely believe it possible that the wife of Alexander Granger was before me.

"I've called to see you on account of my daughter," she said, after being seated again. Her manner was much embarrassed; and she was evidently trying to hide the distress from which she was suffering.

"What about Amy?" I asked.

"You were very kind in getting her into that photograph gallery," she answered, "and we were all so grateful."

"She hasn't lost her situation, I hope?"

Yes, she had lost it; I saw this in the mother's face.

"How came it?" I asked. "Didn't she give satisfaction?"

"Oh, yes, sir. It was all right so far as that went; and they had increased her pay to five dollars a week. But—" I saw the tears flooding her eyes as the quaver in her voice checked her speech. "Amy couldn't come and tell you herself," she resumed, as she recovered her self-possession. "It was too hard for the poor child. But she wanted me to see you."

"Tell me all about it," I said, kindly. "I'm sure it was no fault of hers, poor child!"

"Indeed, it was not, Mr. Lyon. It made her sick. She was in bed for two or three days; and she looks as if she'd come out of a long spell of sickness."

"She mustn't take it so to heart," I replied. "No doubt it can all be made right again."

"Oh, no, sir! She can't go back there any more."

"Why not, Mrs. Granger?"

"Because—because—" her voice breaking and quivering again. Then she recovered herself and said, with firmer speech: "It's on account of her father."

"It can't be possible," I spoke with some indignation, "that his misdeeds should stand in the way of her honest efforts at self-support! No one could be so cruelly unjust toward her as that."

Then the truth came out. Let me give the story as it came to me then, and follow out the sequel as it came to me afterwards.

CHAPTER XII.

THE shock of seeing her father in the condition we have described, hurt deeply the sensitive nature of Amy Granger. All affection for him, debased and degraded as he was, had not died in her heart. Memory held too many sweet pictures of the old dear home which she had lost, and of the tender and loving father who had once been the light and joy of that home. She could never walk the street afterwards without a nervous fear of again encountering him. From this she was spared for several months after obtaining the place of an attendant in the rooms of a photographer.

But one morning, just as she was at the entrance of these rooms, she met her father face to face. He had slept in a station-house, and had just been sent forth, exhausted from want of food, and with every nerve unstrung for lack of stimulants, wretched in feeling and loathsome in appearance. The shocked and half-frightened girl glided swiftly past him, and fled trembling up the stairway leading to the gallery in which she was employed, hoping that he had not recognised her. But in this she was mistaken. Scarcely had she reached the second floor ere she heard him following her up the stairs, shuffling and stumbling by the way. Retreating to the back part of the room, she stood breathless and frightened, until the awfully marred and distorted face of her father looked in upon her from the door. The sight almost broke her heart. But in an instant all thought of herself was forgotten. The love which had been trampled upon, bruised and broken, and wounded almost to the death, lifted itself into the agony of a new life, and threw out its arms wildly. In this poor dismantled wreck of humanity, storm-beaten, helpless and deserted, she saw the father on whose breast she had once lain in sweet confidence. All the happy past came back in a moment; pity and tenderness flooded her soul. Starting forward, she laid her hands on him, saying in tones of the deepest compassion: "O father! father!"

Weak, nerveless, helpless as a sick child, Granger caught hold of his daughter with a half-despairing eagerness, and held on to her as a drowning man to some new and unlooked-for means of succor.

"Yes, it's your poor father, Amy," he said, in a deep, rattling voice, scarcely a tone of which she recognized. "All that's left of him."

He shivered; for the morning was cold, and his garments were scant and thin. What could she do or say? Before her bewildered thoughts could untangle themselves, he gave the prompting words.

"I haven't had anything to eat since yesterday, Amy." His voice shaking as he spoke.

The child's pocket-book was in her hand ere the sentence was finished. All it contained was fifty cents. As she took the money out, Granger caught it from her fingers, saying: "Oh, thank you dear! You were always such a good girl."

The little crumpled bit of paper was scarcely in the man's possession ere he turned away and went stumbling down the stairs, his daughter listening in painful suspense, every moment expecting to hear him fall. But he reached the street in safety, and made his way to the nearest bar-room he could find.

When Amy, who had kept all this from her mother, reached the gallery next morning, she found her father already there and awaiting her arrival. His appearance was, if possible, more wretched and disgusting than on the day before. He was sitting near a table on which were a number of fancy photographs, stereoscopic views and small card-cases and frames. The sight of him sent the color out of his daughter's face, and the strength out of her limbs.

"O father! father!" she said, speaking in a low voice, as she came up to where he was sitting. "It's hard for me to say it, but you mustn't come here any more. I shall lose my place if you do."

She saw something like a frightened look in his eyes as he got up hastily.

"I'll go, then. I'll go right away," he answered, in an abject manner. "But just give me a little something with which to get my breakfast. I haven't had a mouthful since yesterday."

She gave him the trifle of change that was in her pocket-book, which he clutched with the same trembling eagerness he had shown on the day before, and as hurriedly made his way to the street. The only witness of this scene and that of the preceding morning, was an errand boy.

"Is that man your father, Miss Granger?" asked the lad, as Amy turned from the door.

She could not answer him.

"'Cause, if he is, you'd better not let him come here any more. There'll be trouble for you if he does. I thought 'twas your father, and so kept mum until I could speak to you."

"What do you mean?" asked Amy, as she turned a scared face on the boy.

"I don't like to tell you, miss. But he stole one of them small morocco cases. I saw him slip it into his pocket."

The poor girl dropped into a chair, white as a sheet. Everything grew dark about her, and it was only by a strong effort of the will that she kept from losing her consciousness and falling to the floor.

"You are not well, dear," said Amy's mother, as she looked into the face of her daughter on the morning after Granger's first visit to the photograph gallery.

"My head aches a little," was the evasive answer.

Mrs. Granger was sitting in the room about an hour after Amy left home, when she heard some one come in and ascend the stairs. The footfalls were so

light as scarcely to give a sound. She waited, listening; but no one came to her door. Listening still, she perceived a faint rustling of garments as of some one passing up to the rooms above. Then the door of Amy's room was opened and closed almost noiselessly; and all was still again. What did this mean? She had a vague sense of mystery and fear. For several minutes she sat with ear bent, and heart beating heavily.

"Who came in just now and went up-stairs?" she asked of one of her younger daughters who entered the room where she was sitting.

"I heard no one," answered the child.

"Go and see if Amy has come home."

The child did as requested, but came back in a few moments, with a frightened look in her eyes, and said: "O mamma! Amy's lying on her bed; and she won't speak to me."

Mrs. Granger found her daughter as the child had said. Her face was hidden. She looked as if she had fallen across the bed in utter prostration of strength.

"Why, Amy, dear! What's the matter? Are you sick?"

There was no movement or reply.

Mrs. Granger bent over her daughter and tried to lift her face so that she could look into it; but Amy's only response was a slight resistance and continued hiding of her face.

"Amy, my child! Why don't you speak to me? Has anything happened?" The alarmed and anxious mother pressed her questions rapidly; but no reply coming, she drew her arm beneath the head of her daughter and lifted and turned it so that she could look into the hitherto hidden face. It was pale and rigid, with signs of intense suffering about the closely-shut mouth. A long time passed before Mrs. Granger could gather from the unhappy girl the story of her father's visits to the gallery, and the shame and disgrace which this visit had brought upon her.

Many days passed ere Amy was able to rise out of the deep prostration of mind and body into which she had been thrown, and to turn her thoughts to the work and duty that were still before her. She could not go back to the photograph rooms. That question did not have a moment's debate; either with herself or her mother. It was to get my advice and help in this new and most distressing state of affairs that Mrs. Granger had called upon me, as mentioned in the preceding chapter. My sympathies were strongly excited, and I assured her that I would do all in my power to assist her daughter in getting another place.

Meanwhile the proprietor of the photograph gallery, who had met Amy on the stairs as she was hurrying away and noticed her pallor and the wild look in her face, had made inquiry of the lad as to the meaning of her disturbed condition. On learning the truth, he became greatly incensed towards Granger—not so much because of the petty theft which had been committed, as on account of the

humiliation and suffering which he had brought upon his innocent daughter. Under the heat of his sudden indignation he started out and by the aid of a policeman succeeded in finding the miserable man in one of the saloons not far distant. On searching him the stolen article was discovered on his person. His arrest and commitment by an alderman quickly followed. As no one willing to go bail for him could be found, he was sent to the county jail, where he had been lying for two or three days when the fact of his imprisonment first became known to me through Mr. Stannard, a gentleman to whom brief reference has already been made.

"Have you heard about poor Granger?" he said, as we met one morning on the street.

"What about him?" I asked.

"He's in Moyamensing."

"For what?"

"Theft. He stole some trifle from a photograph gallery, and was arrested and sent to prison."

"Better there than living a life of drunken vagabondism on the street," I replied.

"I heard through the prison agent that he was seized with mania soon after his commitment, and had a hard struggle for his life. But he came through after suffering the tortures of hell, greatly prostrated in mind and body."

"Poor wretch! It would have been better had he not come through," I made answer, with less of feeling in my voice than was really in my heart. "A curse to himself and to all who, unhappily, have any relationship with him, why should he continue to cumber the ground?"

I spoke more bitterly than I felt, for I had old remembrances of this man which drew upon my sympathies, and softened my heart towards him. There came to me, even as I spoke, a strong and pitiful contrast between what he had been in the days of his proud and honorable manhood, and what he was now, debased, ruined, homeless, sick and in prison!

"God knows best. With Him are the issues of life." Mr. Stannard drew his arm in mine as he spoke. "And now, friend Lyon," he continued, "as, in God's providence, this man and his dreadful condition have been brought so clearly before us, may we not regard the fact as an indication that it is our duty to make another effort to save him? He has reached a lower deep than any to which he had hitherto fallen. May not the awful sense of loss and degradation which he must feel, quicken into life a new and more intense desire to get free from the horrible pit into which appetite has cast him? And may not He who alone is able to save, find now an entrance which has been hitherto closed against Him?"

I was near my office when I met Mr. Stannard. As he drew his arm in mine we moved onward and were soon at the door.

"Come in. I shall be glad to talk with you about Granger. If there is any hope of saving him, I am ready to do all that lies in my power."

We sat down together and gave his case our most earnest consideration. As for myself, I saw little if anything to encourage a new effort to rescue this fallen man. I had read and thought a great deal about the evil of drunkenness in the last year or two, and was satisfied that, in cases of what medical men define as confirmed alcoholism, a permanent cure is rarely if ever effected. It was a disease that might be arrested for a time through the complete removal of exciting causes; but one which, if predisposing causes were once fairly established, could never be radically cured.

"If there were no bar-rooms and no social drinking customs," I said as we talked, "we might hope to reform a case like this. But one might as well send a man who had just recovered from intermittent fever back again into the miasmatic region from which he had escaped, as a reformed drunkard into the business and social world of to-day. There would be small hope of escape for either of them."

Mr. Stannard drew a deep sigh; but did not answer.

I continued: "What makes this case of Granger's so discouraging, is the fact that every possible agency of reform has already been tried. You know that he was in the New York Inebriate Asylum for several months."

"Yes, I am aware of that."

"He came home vastly improved; and I had great hopes of him for awhile. But old associations and old influences set themselves against him from the very day of his return home. It was a continual pressure; a continual dropping; a continual allurement. After awhile the old appetite, which had not been extinguished, began to show signs of life. You know the rest. He was not cured. And, from all I can learn of this disease of drunkenness, no one is ever so thoroughly cured as not to be in perpetual danger of relapse. We may take Granger out of prison, and set him on his feet again; but will he stand? Nay, will he not surely fall! If I could only see a reasonable hope. But to my mind there is none."

"There is always hope in God," said Mr. Stannard, his voice low but steady and assured.

My heart did not give a quick response to his words.

"No man ever falls so low that Christ cannot lift him up and save him," he added.

"I believe that," was my answer. "But how does He save? How, for instance, can He save a man like Granger? How can His Divine power reach him, and lift him free from the curse of the terrible appetite which has enslaved him? Men look to God, and pray to Him, and yet are not saved. Granger went to church for awhile, and tried to get a higher strength; but it did not come. Why? Did God hold himself away from him because faith was halting and blind? Did He make the measure of this poor man's feeble mental effort the measure of His mercy? I cannot believe it!"

"And you must not," Mr. Stannard said, gently.

"He knoweth our frame, and remembereth that we are dust. Are not His words explicit—'Him that cometh unto me I will in no wise cast out.' Running through all the Divine Word, is there not a perpetual invitation to look to Him and come to Him for refuge, for safety, for strength and for salvation?"

"But how is a man to come, Mr. Stannard?"

"We begin to come the moment we repent of our sins and look to the Lord for strength to resist and put them away. We come nearer when we obey His command, 'Cease to do evil.' Then, and only then, do we put it into the Lord's power to save us. 'His name shall be called Jesus, for He shall save the people from their sins.' But if the people will not quit the evil of their doing, how can He save them from the love of evil doing—which is the true salvation? 'Behold I stand at the door and knock. If any man hear my voice and open the door, I will come in to him.' Now what is it that shuts the door against God? Is it not sin? The love of self and the world? The indulgence of evil passions and appetites? He cannot dwell in a heart where these abide. They must be cast out, and then God's temple in the human soul is prepared for His entrance."

"But," I said, "who can cast them out but God? Is not this the doctrine of the church?"

"None but a Divine power, Mr. Stannard answered, 'can remove the love of sinning. But first man of himself must open the door which evil-doing has barred against God.'"

"How can this be done?"

"There is only one way. He must cease to do evil because it is a *sin against God*. Beyond this he has no power over his corrupt nature. He cannot change his inner vileness into beauty; cannot make himself pure; cannot by good deeds enter the kingdom of God. Over the external things of thought and act he has power; but the Lord alone can change his inner affection—take away the heart of stone and give the heart of flesh. But, ere this can be done, man must not only repent of his evil deeds because they are sins, but actually cease from doing them. In the moment that he does this from a religious principle—that is because to do evil is contrary to the Divine law, and therefore a sin against God—and looks to the Lord to deliver and save him, in that moment he opens the door of his heart for the Lord to enter; and the Lord, who has been knocking there by His Divine Word and commandments, will surely come in. And so long as he shuns evils as sins in the external of his life, is just, and merciful, and humble, God will abide with him and in him, and he shall walk as safely in the midst of temptation as the three Hebrew children in the fiery furnace, because the Son of God is with him as He was with them."

"Not of faith alone, nor of works, nor of merit," I said.

"No, but of obedience. And in the degree that obedience becomes perfected, will love become perfected. In the degree that a man shuns in thought and act the evils that in any way hurt his neighbor or do dishonor to God, in that degree will the Lord

remove from his heart the desire to do them, and give the affection of good in their place."

"Going back now to Mr. Granger," I said, "why, when he put away the evil of drinking for so long a time, was not the desire for this sinful indulgence taken away? Did he not open the door for the Lord to come in?"

"We open the door at which the Lord stands knocking when we see and acknowledge the evils in our lives that hold the door bolted and barred against Him, and cease to do them because they are sins."

"Because they are sins?"

"Yes. If we cease to do evil from any other consideration, we do not open the door."

"I am not sure that I get your meaning," said I.

"Take the case of Granger. Why did he shun the evil of drinking?"

"Because he saw that it was ruining him."

"That it was a sin against himself rather than against God," said Mr. Stannard.

"What is sin against God?" I asked.

"Any and everything that man does in opposition to divine order."

"The answer is too general," I said.

"The laws of this order as applied to man are very simple and direct," he returned. "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart and thy neighbor as thyself. Now, in Mr. Granger's case, did he make an effort to control his appetite for drink because its indulgence was a sin against the true order of his life and turned him away from all just regard for God and his neighbor—thus a sin against God Himself—or, did his thought reach only to himself and to his worldly loss or gain?"

"I scarcely think his motive went as far as you suggest."

"If it did not, how was God to save him? If it was not the sin of intemperance that troubled him, but only the consequences of that sin, there could be no true repentance and humiliation before God. And here let me say, Mr. Lyon, that no man can be saved from any particular evil, as, for instance, that of drunkenness, unless at the same time he resist and endeavor to put away all other sins against God. The whole man must be reformed and regenerated. Everything forbidden in the Word of God must be put away through the divine strength given to all who earnestly try to keep the commandments."

"I see your meaning more clearly," I replied. "There must be a new and better life in the whole man."

"If not, how can God abide with him and in him?"

"Coming back again to the case of Granger," said I, "and regarding it from your standpoint, is there any possibility of a permanent reform?"

"Yes."

"You speak confidently."

"Because I have faith in the Great Physician of souls. There is a divine healing power which all men may have if they will."

"Nothing but a divine power can cure him. Of that I am satisfied."

"Shall we not, then, seeing that he has been brought so low, make an effort to bring him under the care of this Great Physician? I have been thinking about it all day, and our conversation has only given strength to a half-formed purpose to visit and make one more effort to save him."

"Let it be done by all means," I replied.

A gentleman who had known Mr. Granger came into my office at this moment, and when he learned of the utter debasement of the man, and of our purpose to make a new effort to reclaim him, said: "Why not place him in the new Reformatory Home recently established in our city?"

"Reformation without regeneration will avail nothing in his case," returned Mr. Stannard. "The best reformatory agencies known have been tried; but their influences proved only temporary. He was at Binghampton, you know."

"Yes, I am aware of that. But the institution to which I refer is not an asylum for the treatment of drunkenness as a disease; but a Christian Home in which, while all the physical needs of the inmates are rightly cared for, an effort is made to bring them under religious influences, and to lead them to depend on God for safety."

"Is there an institution like that in our city?" asked Mr. Stannard, with much interest in his manner. "I never heard of it before."

"It is scarcely a year old," was replied. "But already the results obtained are quite remarkable."

"Too short a time to predicate much on results," I said. "The reformation of a drunkard that dates back no farther than a year, gives little ground for confidence."

"Much depends on the basis of the reformation," remarked Mr. Stannard. "Here, it strikes me, is the true basis; and I am ready to hope much. But what is the name of this institution and where is it located?"

"You will find it in the very centre of our city. They call it the Franklin Reformatory Home for Inebriates; and from what I have heard through one of the managers, whose heart is very much in the work, I am led to believe that in its treatment of drunkenness it has discovered and is using the only true remedy for that terrible disease which no medicine for the body can ever radically cure. Its first work is to draw the poor, debased and degraded inebriate within the circle of a well-ordered and cheerful home, and under the influence of kind and sympathetic friends. All these have been lost to him for years; so utterly lost that all hope of their recovery has died in his heart. He is a stranger to gentle words and loving smiles;—used only to rebuke and blame; to scorn and contempt; is alike disposed of himself and the world. But here he finds himself all at once an object of interest and care. His hand is taken in a clasp so warm and true that he feels the thrill go down into his heart and awaken old memories of other and dearer hand-clasps. His lost man-

hood and sense of respect are found again. New purposes are formed and old resolves—broken, alas! so many times—renewed once more. He finds himself encircled by sustaining influences of a better character than he has known in many years. Hope and confidence grow strong.

"But in lifting the fallen man to this state of life, the Home has done only its first and least important work of reformation. If it were able to do no more, 'Failure' would ultimately be written on its walls. It is organized for deeper and more thorough work—is, in fact, a Church as well as a Home; and has its chapel and its formal worship. When the man is restored and in his right mind, an effort is made to lead him into the conviction that in and of himself he cannot successfully resist the appetite from whose slavery he has just escaped. That only in the Divine power and protection is there any hope for him; and that he must seek this Divine power and protection through prayer and a living and obedient faith in Christ, who saves to the uttermost all who come to Him and keep His sayings. He must become a new man. Must be saved not only from drunkenness, but from all other evils of life. Must become sincere, and humble, and just, and pure, as well as temperate. So becoming steadfast and immovable."

A light had kindled in Mr. Stannard's face. Turning to me he said: "There is hope for our poor friend. He may yet be saved. Is there not a providence in this thing?"

"I might say yes, if I believed in special providences," I returned.

"What kind of a providence do you believe in?" Mr. Stannard asked.

"In a general overruling providence," I replied.

"Of a providence, for instance, that takes care of a man's whole body, but not of his eye, or ear, or heart, or any individual fibre, or nerve, or organ of which his body is composed. That takes care of a nation, but not of the individual men composing that nation. To have a general providence, Mr. Lyon, you must have a particular providence; for without particulars you cannot have that which is general. Believe me, that God's care is over you and me and every one, specially and at all times. It would be no providence at all if this were not so. Let us think of it as round about us continually, and that if it were intermitted for a single moment, we would perish. Let us think of it as the infinite Love which is forever seeking to save us, and forever adapting the means to this eternal end."

"You think more deeply about these things than I have been in the habit of doing, and may be nearer right in your views than I am in mine. I waive for the present all controversy on the subject. As for Mr. Granger, let us get him into this Home, and give him another chance. I believe in the church, and in the power of God to save men from their sins. And I believe more in this Home, from what I have just heard of it, than in any and all of the reformatory agencies in the land."

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"Because it is a church, a true church, seeking to gather poor lost and abandoned ones into the fold of Christ?"

"Yes, if you choose to give that form to the proposition," I replied.

"Is it not the true form? Can the Church have any higher mission than the one to which this Home has consecrated itself?"

"None," was my answer. "And yet the Church scarcely reaches out its hand to the perishing inebriate. Nay, draws back from him her spotless garments, and leaves him to perish in the mire from which her hands might have raised him."

"The Church learns but slowly," Mr. Stannard replied, speaking with a shade of depression in his voice. "It has been too busy with creeds and hair-splitting differences in doctrine, and with rituals, and robes, and things external, to give itself as it should to charity. A better day is not far distant, I hope. If, as has been said, the Church is the heart and lungs of common society, and if society is terribly diseased, spiritually as well as morally, is not the Church at fault and responsible? A healthy heart and healthy lungs should make a healthy body. Before the Church can heal the world she must be healed herself. She must rise into the perception of higher and diviner truths, and come down into the world with a more living power. It is difficult to tell which has the larger influence over the other to-day, the Church or the world. I sometimes fear it is the world, the Church is so pervaded with its spirit, and fashions, and ways of doing things, with its pride and its vanities. But here, in this Home of which we have been speaking, we have, thank God! the beginning of a real, earnest, working Church that knows the gospel of salvation, and is seeking by its power to lift up the fallen, to heal the broken-hearted, and to set the captive free."

Mr. Stannard had warmed as he spoke, and now there was a glow on his fine countenance. So interested had we all become in the Home about which we were talking, that his suggestion that we should make a visit and learn for ourselves what was being done there, met with a hearty concurrence, and we started at once to see and make ourselves better acquainted with the character and work of the new Institution.

(To be continued.)

MATERIAL AND MORAL USES OF THINGS.

M—The material uses of things are as nothing to their moral uses. Physically, Mount Blanc shelters the Italian vineyards; and Niagara, as a water-power, might grind corn for giants; while in their moral functions, down through all the ages, they have been filling the world's heart with great thoughts of sublimity and beauty—stupendous symbols or hieroglyphs of eternity and God. *Materially* considered, a bird is a musical instrument, and a flower a vase of perfume; *morally*, they are both exquisite thoughts of God, realized and embodied.

CATCHING A SUNBEAM.

THE sun is always shining in the sky of our lives, and his beams coming down to gladden the earth. But into how few hearts do they find their way! The earth upon which our minds dwell, has, like the material earth, its dense forests, its deep, dim valleys, its dark caves and caverns, into which the sunlight rarely, if ever, comes. It would seem as if many people loved these gloomy shades, and hid themselves, of choice, away from the bright and beautiful sunshine. They carry shadows in their hearts and shadows on their faces. When they come into your presence it seems as if the air was suddenly darkened by a passing cloud.

Mr. Hickman was one of these men who walk for the most part, in dark valleys, or sit in dreary caverns. Rarely, if ever, on returning home, did he bring light into his dwelling. If there was merry laughter among the children on his entrance, their voices were hushed; if love's light beamed from the countenance of his wife, as she sported with her little ones, it faded away, giving place to a sober, thoughtful, half-troubled look. He always came home bringing a shadow with him, and sat, for the most part, in this shadow, through all the cheerless evenings.

Why was this? Was there a great trouble in the heart of Mr. Hickman? Had he passed through some depressing misfortune, or suffered some terrible affliction? No. It was as well with him as with most people—better than with a very large number. His business was prosperous, and every year he added many thousands of dollars to his rapidly accumulating fortune. But he was not a man possessing an orderly adjusted mind—was easily disturbed by trifles, and annoyed by incidents that should not have affected him any more than the buzzing of a fly. But the real cause lay deeper and more hidden, grounded in an inordinate selfishness, that robbed him of the pleasure which might have attended success, through envy of others' good fortune. He was jealous of his competitors in business, and always experienced a disagreeable sensation when he heard them spoken of as successful. No wonder that sunlight could not find its way into his heart. Envy and ill-will, burn in what heart they may, always send up a black smoke that obscures the heavens. The sun is there, shining as brightly as ever, but his rays cannot penetrate this cloud of passion. No day passed in which something did not occur to disturb or cloud the mind of Mr. Hickman; and so, evening after evening he came home, bringing with him shadow instead of sunlight. Oh, what a desecration of home was this! of home, where the heart's sunlight should ever dwell, and a heart-warmth pervade all the sweet atmosphere. Nothing of external good was denied by Mr. Hickman to his family. They had all of happiness that money could buy. Yet how far from happiness were his wife and children. They were drooping for sunshine—the sunshine of smiles, and pleasant words, and joyous laughter. But these came not from Mr. Hickman. He sat among them grim and gloomy, for

the most part, like some sombre heathen divinity—half-dreaded, half-propitiated.

Mr. Hickman was not so stolid but that he saw in this the existence of a wrong. He loved his wife and children, desired their good, and was ready to make almost any sacrifice for them that he knew how to make. Even as he sat moodily in his home, conscious that his presence rested like a nightmare on the spirits of his wife and children, he would say to himself: "This is not right. I should bring home pleasant words and cheerful smiles."

Yet almost as he said this would his thought go back to some incident of the day, which mere selfishness gave power to disturb his feelings, and he would go off again into a brooding state of mind, out of which he had not resolution enough to lift himself. Often it happened that his children sought, in the outgushing gladness of their hearts, to break the spell that was on him—but almost always he repulsed them—sometimes coldly, sometimes fretfully, and sometimes in sudden anger—so that, at last, they rarely came near or spoke to him, as he sat through his silent evenings.

"Wrong, all wrong," Mr. Hickman often said to himself, as the shadow fell darker on his home. But a knowledge of the evil did not bring a knowledge of the cure, or, rather, that self-conquest which must precede a cure. He must let the sunshine come into his own heart ere he could pour forth its rays on other hearts. He must come out of the dense forests, and gloomy valleys, and dusky caverns, into the clear sunshine; but how was he to come out? Who was to lead him forth?

One day, as Mr. Hickman sat in his counting-room conversing with a gentleman, a lad came in from the store to ask him some question about business. Mr. Hickman replied in a curt way, and the lad went out. "What is that boy's name?" asked the gentleman.

"Frank Edwards," was replied.

"I thought so. He's a fine boy. How long has he been with you?"

"About three months."

"Does he give satisfaction?"

"Yes."

"I'm pleased to hear it. His mother lives in our neighborhood, and my wife has taken considerable interest in her. She is very poor and in feeble health. She maintains herself, by sewing; but that kind of exhausting toil is wasting her life rapidly. Frank is her only child, and the only one to whom she can look for any help. I am glad you like him."

Nothing more was said on the subject, but it did not pass from the mind of Mr. Hickman. He had taken the lad a few months before on trial, and it was understood that if he gave satisfaction, he was to be put on wages after six months.

"The boy is faithful, intelligent and active," said Mr. Hickman, speaking to himself. "If it is so with his mother, he must be put on wages now."

This conclusion in the mind of Mr. Hickman was attended with a sense of pleasure. His heart had

opened just a little, and two or three sunbeams, with their light and warmth, had gone down into it.

"What shall I pay him for his services?" said Mr. Hickman to himself, still dwelling on the subject.

"There are plenty of lads to be obtained at a couple of dollars a week, for the first one or two years; or even for nothing, in consideration of the opportunity for learning a good business in a good house. But Frank's case is peculiar, and must be considered by itself. There is a question of humanity involved. His mother is poor and sick, and she has no hope but in him. Let me see; shall I make it three dollars a week? That will help them considerably. But, dear me! three dollars will hardly pay for Frank's eating. I must do something better than that. Say four dollars."

Mr. Hickman dropped his head a little, and sat turning the matter over in his mind. He had once been a poor boy, with a mother in feeble health; and he remembered how hard it was for him to get along—how many privations his mother had to endure; and yet their income was nearly double the amount he thought of giving Frank. Mr. Hickman had always loved his mother, and this memory of her softened his feelings still more toward the poor widow, for whom an appeal had come to him so unexpectedly.

"Frank is an unusually bright boy," said Mr. Hickman. "He has an aptness for business; is prompt and faithful. I can afford to make his salary liberal—for a boy it shall be liberal. I'll pay him six dollars now, and if he goes on improving as fast as he has done so far, it will not be long before I can make it better for him."

Mr. Hickman arose, and going to the counting-room door, called the lad, who came in immediately.

"How do you like our business, Frank?" asked Mr. Hickman, in a kind way.

"Very well, sir," replied the boy, promptly.

"And you would like to remain?"

"Yes, sir, if I give satisfaction."

"You have done very well, so far," replied Mr. Hickman; "so well, that I have concluded to put you on wages now, instead of waiting until the six months of trial have expired."

The boy started, and a quick flush of surprise and pleasure went over his face.

"I did not expect it, sir," he said, gratefully. "You are very good."

"Your mother is not well, I hear," said Mr. Hickman.

Frank's eyes glistened as he answered, "No, sir; she has been sick for a good while; and I'm so glad to be put on wages, for now I can help her."

"Will you give all your wages to your mother?"

"Oh, yes indeed, sir; every cent, if it was ten dollars a week."

"I see you're a good boy, Frank," said Mr. Hickman, his heart still softening, "and your wages shall be six dollars."

The boy struck his hands together with sudden joy, exclaiming: "Oh, mother will be so glad!—so glad!"

As he went back into the store, Mr. Hickman sat

quietly in his chair, feeling happier than he had been for a long time. When the sun went down, and Frank came in to shut the windows of the counting-room, Mr. Hickman handed him a sealed envelope, saying: "Take this to your mother. It contains thirty-six dollars, as your wages, at three dollars a week for twelve weeks, the time you have been in my store. Tell your mother that you have been a good, industrious boy, and have earned the money."

Frank took the little package in silence; his feelings were so much overcome by this additional good fortune, that he could not speak his thanks. But his eyes told what was in his heart, and Mr. Hickman understood them.

There are many ways to catch sunbeams, if we would only set traps for them. Nay, there is no occasion to go to that trouble. The air is full of sunbeams, and we have only to open the doors and windows of our hearts, and they will enter in countless multitudes. But the doors and windows of most people's hearts are shut and barred as was the heart of Mr. Hickman. How are they to be opened? Just as the doors and windows of his heart were opened—by kindness to others.

When Mr. Hickman took his way homeward, his step was lighter and his feelings more buoyant than they had been for a long time. Though conscious of this, and of the sense of pleasure that was new to him, his thought did not go directly to the cause. Not that he had forgotten Frank and his sick mother; or the glad face that looked into his when he told the boy of his generous decision in his favor; all this was present to him, though he had not yet connected the kind act and the pleasant feelings in his consciousness as cause and effect.

There were no sounds of pattering feet on the stairs as Mr. Hickman came in. Time was when his first step in the passage awoke the echoes with laughing voices and the rain of eager footfalls. But that time had passed long ago. The father came home so often in a cold, repellent mood, that his children had ceased to be glad at his return, and no longer bounded to meet him. Sitting on the stairs were a little boy and girl, of the ages of five and six years. As he advanced along the passage, they neither stirred, nor spoke, nor smiled, though their eyes were fixed on his face. Mr. Hickman stood still when he came near to where they were sitting, and looked at them with a new feeling of tenderness in his heart. He held out a hand to each, and each laid a hand in his, but with an air of doubt as to whether this condescension on the part of their father were to be accepted as a token of love. A moment he stood holding their hands, then stooping, he drew an arm around each and lifted them to his breast.

"Hasn't Edie a kiss for papa?" said Mr. Hickman, with so much warmth in his voice, that the little girl now understood that all was earnest.

"Yes, a hundred kisses!" answered Edie, flinging her arms around her father's neck, and kissing him over and over again in childish fondness.

At the head of the first landing, opened the sitting-

room. Into this Mr. Hickman came with the two children in his arms; both of them hugging and kissing him in a wild, happy way.

"Bless me! what's the meaning of all this?" exclaimed Mrs. Hickman, rising and coming forward her face all a-glow with sudden pleasure at a sight and sounds so new, yet all welcome to her heart.

"These little rogues are hugging and kissing the very breath away from me," said Mr. Hickman, laughing and struggling with the children.

"He asked me for one kiss," cried Edie, "and I'm going to give him a hundred."

Mr. Hickman sat down with a child on each knee, and Mrs. Hickman came and stood by him, with a hand resting on his shoulder.

"Oh, you must kiss him, too," said Edie, looking up at her mother.

Mrs. Hickman did not wait for a second invitation.

The old pleasant face of her husband was again before her, and her heart was leaping with the old loving impulses. She bent down and laid a warm kiss on his lips, which he felt as a sweet glow through all his being.

That was an evening long to be remembered in the household of Mr. Hickman. He had caught a sunbeam and brought it home with him, and light and warmth were all around them. All were happy, and Mr. Hickman the happiest of them all, for he had the sweet consciousness in his heart of having made another and humbler home than this one happy also.

CHEERY PEOPLE.

H. H., writing about cheery people, says: Oh, the comfort of them! There is but one thing like them—that is sunshine. It is the fashion to state the comparison the other end foremost—i. e., to flatter the cheery people by comparing them to the sun. I think it is the best way of praising the sunshine to say that it is almost as bright and inspiring as the presence of cheery people.

That the cheery people are brighter and better even than sunshine is very easily proved; for who has not seen a cheery person make a room and a day bright in spite of the sun's not shining at all—in spite of clouds and rain and cold all doing their very best to make it dismal? Therefore I say, the fair way is to compare the sun to cheery people, and not cheery people to the sun. However, whichever way we state the comparison, it is a true and good one; and neither the cheery people nor the sun need take offence. In fact, I believe they will always be such good friends, and work so steadily together for the same ends, that there is no danger of either's grudging the other the credit of what has been done. The more you think of it, the more you see how wonderfully alike the two are in their operation on the world. The sun on the fields makes things grow,—fruits and flowers and grains; the cheery person in the house makes everybody do his best—makes the one who can sing feel like singing, and the one who has an ugly, hard job of work to do feel like shouldering it bravely and having

it over with. And the music and mirth and work in the house, are they not like the flowers and fruits and grains in the field?

The sun makes everybody glad. Even the animals run and leap, and seem more joyous when it shines out; and no human being can be so cross-grained, or so ill, that he does not brighten up a little when a great, broad, warm sunbeam streams over him and plays on his face. It is just so with a cheery person. His simple presence makes even animals happier. Dogs know the difference between him and a surly man. When he pats them on the head and speaks to them, they jump and gambol about him just as they do in the sunshine. And when he comes into the room where people are ill, or out of sorts, or dull and moping, they brighten up in spite of themselves, just as they do when a sudden sunbeam pours in—only more so; for we often see people so ill they do not care whether the sun shines or not, or so cross that they do not even see whether the sun shines or not; but I have never yet seen anybody so cross or so ill that the voice and face of a cheery person would not make them brighten up a little.

If there were only a sure and certain recipe for making a cheery person, how glad we would all be to try it! How thankful we would all be to do good like sunshine! To cheer everybody up, and help everybody along!—to have everybody's face brighten the minute we came in sight! Why, it seems to me that there cannot be in this life any pleasure half so great as this would be. If we looked at life only from a selfish point of view, it would be worth while to be a cheery person, merely because it would be such a satisfaction to have everybody so glad to live with us, to see us, even to meet us on the street.

People who have done things which have made them famous, such as winning great battles or filling high offices, often have what are called "ovations." Hundreds of people get together and make a procession perhaps, or go into a great hall and make speeches, all to show that they recognize what the great man has done. After he is dead, they build a stone monument to him, perhaps, and celebrate his birthday, for a few years. Men work very hard sometimes for a whole lifetime to earn a few things of this sort. But how much greater a thing it would be for a man to have every man, woman and child in his own town know and love his face because it was full of kindly good cheer! Such a man has a perpetual "ovation," year in and year out, whenever he walks on the street, whenever he enters a friend's house.

"I jist likes to let her in at the door," said an Irish servant one day of a woman I know, whose face was always cheery and bright: "the face of her does one good, shure!"

NO ONE likes disappointments; but there is a world of difference in the manner of bearing them; and few things require more of that calm, sweet, wholesome self-discipline by which we always remain masters of ourselves, even when we are the slaves of circumstances, than the blow of disappointment.

OLD MARTIN BOSCAWEN'S JEST.*

BY MARIAN C. L. REEVES,
Author of "Wearithorne,"

AND EMILY READ,
Author of "Aytoun," etc.

CHAPTER XVI.

The Past,

When it is dead, a wan ghost wanders on.

"WE will stop here, if it so pleases messire."

They have been riding slowly along, and now turn into the one street of Penmarch village, stopping before a cabaret having for sign a bunch of mistletoe swung above the arched doorway, which looks almost cavernous in the thick, dark wall, as Austell glances within. A woman at her spinning-wheel moves aside, as if expecting them to ride through; but Madame Cosquer is already dismounting, by the help of Austell's hand, who flings her bridle and his to a small boy standing near, and turns to Ninorech's assistance.

A charming picture the girl makes, perched up on her quaint saddle, facing directly sideways, with both little silver-buckled, black-shod feet resting on the broad stirrup, as the manner was for all women to ride, until Catherine de Médicis' trim ankle and newly-invented silk stockings tempted her to show both, by introducing the modern side-saddle instead of the ancient *planchette*. Ninorech's upper skirt of blue striped linen is puffed up high, showing the under petticoat of red, with its embroidered bands; the linen coif is the same as that of yesterday, but it seems to Austell that the face under it is fairer than ever. He has had so little opportunity to judge of it all these more than twenty miles they have been riding together to-day. Be it coyness or caprice, this Mademoiselle Ninorech has left him altogether to the companionship of Madame Cosquer, either hurrying before, lagging behind, or keeping silently along on the farther side of the grandmother, her face quite shaded underneath the cap drawn farther forward in the sunshine. And now she does not wait for his aid, but has slipped lightly to the ground, and is quieting with a touch of her hand upon his mane the pony which has grown restive under the stable-boy's tug at the bridle, and his epithets of "drunken cow," and, more opprobrious still, "true Saozon." At the latter, Ninorech glances with a slight smile toward the "true Saozon," who stands, unconscious of the comparison, beside her grandmother; and then she comes up on her other side, and the three walk on to the priest's house at the other end of the street.

They have gone but a few steps, however, before they hear a slow and measured heavy tread, as of a throng behind them; and as they draw aside into a doorway, a solemn procession passes. Austell, seeing his two companions sink down on their knees, uncovers his head; while past him, slung low between

two wheels drawn by a pair of oxen led by a white horse, advances a coffin with its attendant mourners, and a train of peasants following. There is one long black mourning-cloak among them, and a saffron cap covers one weeping woman's head; but for the most part the dresses are the bright ones of a fête, varied as the villages from which the wearers are gathered together. Austell is quite dazzled by the mingled hues of scarlet and blue, the glitter of silver crosses on the women's breasts, and the silver and gold thread wound in among the ornaments of the men's broad-brimmed hats. Indeed, the men, like the males of feathered bipeds, are amongst the most gayly plumaged here. Their bragous bras, enormous full trousers, are tied with ribands at the knee, over colored leggings; and besides the two or three waistcoats of contrasting hues worn by some, there is here and there a coat or jacket embroidered on the back with a brilliantly rayed cross, or perhaps on one front with the Sacred Chalice, and on the other with the tailor's name and date of making. Yet for all the glitter and the tinsel, the scene is a solemn one, as the procession draws its slow length through the time-darkened street, the men all walking with heads uncovered, the women for the most part with hands joined as in prayer. Austell glances at the coffin, and old Martin Boscawen's funeral comes back to him as it wound its black length among the desolate Cornish sand-dunes. Perhaps there is as little real grief here as there; but there is a solemn show of reverence.

Not until the funeral train has passed in the direction of the church, the walls of which are seen looming above their humbler neighbors, do Madame Cosquer and Ninorech rise from their knees, and the three resume their way. It is not far. While Austell is looking round for some sign of a priestly habitation, they have stopped before a house no whit superior to its neighbors, save, perhaps, in a general air of cleanliness, not common to all.

Austell has time to glance round him before their entrance is observed; and he sees a wide-chimneyed kitchen, where the interior of Kermartin is repeated on a smaller and humbler scale. There is the pressed on one side of the fireplace, and the chest under it; the hams and fagots swinging from the rafters; and, suspended above the table, the spoon-rack—in which, however, is no glitter of silver, neither from the chimney-shelf. Certainly "evangelic poverty" is obvious here; and, rising in rank, the priest has descended in that which rank usually brings in its train. Austell glances at the mother, fancying her pained by the contrast with Kermartin; and he is surprised by the gentle air of proud complacency with which she advances, as an old crone comes pattering in her sabots from an inner room. "My son is recteur at Penmarch," she had said last night with the same air wherewith she now repeats the customary formula: "God's blessing rest upon this house!"

The old crone clatters in, and gives a guttural ejaculation of astonishment on seeing the new-comers. She greets "Mother Cosquer," or "Mother Mari," as she calls her indifferently, with the gravely courteous

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Breton welcome, modified a little for Ninorch, and the Tud-gentil, the "nobleman." For the city tailor makes the nobleman upon these coasts, and Austell's rank is farther established by a glimpse of his gold watch, which he is consulting while Mother Cosquer claims the hospitality of the house until the morrow, as messire would like to see more of the ruined city, the lighthouse and the Torche of Penmarch than could be seen in returning to Kermartin on the same day.

As Père Cosquer is not to be expected home from the funeral just yet, Austell would have gone out to explore a little, but that old Mother Barbaik insists that the party must stand in need of refreshment after the long ride. By great luck, she declares, she knew strangers were coming, for the good cow had lowed three times; and she has fresh bread to set before them, nearly as good, she dares to say, as that which the holy Angel Gabriel kneaded for the poor baker's widow of St. Mathieu. She has coffee besides, which she pours out in bright little tin pans; and, as a matter of course, cabbage-soup, which presently teaches Austell the meaning of those hollows scooped out in the form of soup-plates in the polished oaken table.

The ride has indeed been long enough to furnish appetite for the homely repast; and they are yet lingering over it, when a shadow darkens the doorway, and Austell, rising as the women do, supposes that it is Père Cosquer standing there.

Or would have supposed it, but for the manner of his reception.

"It is messire the priest," the mother says, and bends her gray head reverently for his blessing as he stands there with tonsured forehead bare, his Latin missal under his arm, the long folds of his coarse black soutane tucked under his belt to leave his movements freer. And when, the blessing spoken, he enters and puts down his missal and broad peasant's hat, and holds out both hands to his mother, it is still the man of God, the curé of souls, whom she sees there, and not the son; for him she has long since given up to Heaven.

Austell has been looking rather curiously at this man who is to be umpire in the matter of poor little Madelon's fortune. He sees more of the peasant in the son than in the mother. Yet a certain calm consciousness of the "aristocracy of the stole," a consciousness worn not as a mask but as a mould, has ennobled the rough-hewn Celtic features, and gives a dignity of bearing to a figure which might even now come off conqueror in Brittany's famous wrestling-matches, and which does not belie the father's hardy line of fisher-folk. But the mother's likeness looks out upon Austell from the straightforward, intelligent, dark eyes which meet his with the unquestioning hospitality of the Breton peasant, while he speaks a few welcoming words of provincial French, in the ringing Breton accent. Mother Cosquer is introducing the stranger by the mention of his name and errand, when Ninorch breaks in restlessly and somewhat abruptly: "Ma mammik, you and messire le

recteur can settle all that without us. Messire Boscawen has a great desire to see Penmarch, and I am sure we cannot do better than to begin with your church, father. So if I might show it to him, whilst Mother Mari is consulting you—"

"Surely, my daughter. Thou wilt find the church still open."

She hardly waits to hear, she has moved so hurriedly toward the door, beckoning Austell to follow. Which he does in all willing obedience, though certainly not a little puzzled by the sudden change in her.

After all, why should he be surprised? Is there not in the Breton maiden, as well as in the English girl, a spice of coquetry—

The thought breaks off abruptly; for he is no sooner out of doors than he perceives that she has merely brought him away from the discussion within, and that she would willingly have held aloof from him as before. Since she has put that out of her power, she walks on demurely by his side, her eyes upon the ground. She never once turns them by any chance on him; though she does lift them to greet with a cordial Breton word or two a fisherman sauntering along in weather-stained sackcloth, with his oars across his shoulders; a woman leaning, humming to her distaff's whirr, in a black doorway; a child scampering past, like a little old woman in her snowy cap.

The walk is not far to the church; but it is already long enough for Austell to be piqued by the few brief answers which are all her recognition of his attempts at conversation. She has not volunteered a remark, until, as they are passing the graveyard, she glances up, and says with an air of extreme simplicity: "Messire does not raise his hat in passing the dead? Is it that the Saxons do not die, and rest under the cross, like us other Bretons?"

Austell lifts his hat at once, smiling at the naïve rebuke; and stops to lean on the wall, looking over at the quaint crosses, white, black or even green, plentifully besprent with tears of gold, or white paint. Here and there a climbing briar flings a wreath over one; or a black and white bead crown surmounts another, covered sometimes with a glass to shield it from the weather. Flowers are planted at the foot of some of the crosses; others have a plaster image of the virgin in a niche, and a hollow in the stone for holy water. As Austell is watching, a woman yonder rises from her knees, and taking up a sprig of evergreen laid on the edge of the hollow, sprinkles the grave; while a man stands reverently by, his head bowed, and his hat held in his two hands crossed before him.

But Ninorch has already turned, and leads the way to the church. It is worth seeing, she tells Austell: the east window with the ancient blazonry; the massive silver altar-cross; the great alabaster St. John near the altar, which was taken from the ruin of the Red Monks' Church at Penmarch-Kerity. Of course messire would wish to see all these.

"More especially as your Ste. Nonna is a good old Cornish saint also; we have an Altarnon named for

her," Austell says, as they pause beside the porch to look up at a window formed of three *fleurs-de-lis* cut in the solid stone.

And then there are the carvings on the front of the tower to be seen: those quaint, old-time ships, reminding one of Chinese junks; the fishes swimming over the façade bearing witness that the church was built by fisher-folk. Austell is still tracing out the weather-beaten sculpturings, when there is a sound of a step passing round the porch, and the low, monotonous murmur of a voice: and an instant later, the speaker comes full upon them.

A young man whose appearance differs little from that of the peasant of the better sort, save that he has been shorn of all but a few locks remaining of the long hair which others wear flowing over the shoulders; and that in his hands, instead of the pen bas, or knotted stick, there is an open volume over which his head is bent as he walks, and from which he is reading aloud with—yes, with a sonorous murmur of Latin verse, as Austell hears. He looks on, surprised; when there is a little movement from Ninorch, and the student lifts his head. Austell sees the blood mount into his face, and then a sudden pallor follow it. "Ninorch!"

The girl does not come forward at the cry, which has something strange in it: a sort of painful eagerness, yet dread, which Austell sees in the man's face well. The color is in her face, too, but she lifts a quiet look into his eager eyes, and she says, in her imperfect French: "My brother, we did not know you were here—the grandmother and I. Brother Yvon, this is an English messire who has come to see the grandmother, and also something of our country here. It is Messire Boscawen." And then, as Austell puts out his hand in acknowledgment of the introduction, puzzled all the while by a something strange in this meeting of brother and sister, the girl breaks suddenly into Breton, going up to Yvon Cosquer, and putting her hand in an impulsive, eager way upon his arm, when he shakes his head with a dubious air in answer to something she is saying.

Austell stands looking on. From no sign of the girl's, would he have supposed that the conversation had any reference to him: but a glance from the young man now and again, betrays it. Something, he is unwilling to do: but presently seems to acquiesce, and then Ninorch, smiling, and with a little nod, leads the way into the church.

Austell follows with young Cosquer, who, as he presently learns, is a Kloiërek, or seminarian, entering upon his studies at Quimper, preparatory to the priesthood. Bound by no vows, as yet, but already in the hard life of the poor student getting a foretaste of the self-denial to come, the Kloiërek has been glad to break loose from its restraint, and has walked over from Quimper for a leisure day or two with Père Cosquer at Penmarch. There could be no better guide than this, Austell thinks, to the old traditions, legends and history of the ancient city. But somehow this reflection does not seem to give him entire satisfaction when, on turning round from the old

bishop's tomb within the church, he finds Ninorch has vanished, leaving him to his new cicerone.

Yvon, who has been inclined to silence until then, grows suddenly communicative when he finds himself alone with the stranger, and gives him not only the expected history, legendary and otherwise, of Penmarch, but also some passages out of that of the Cosquer family, whereby Austell is enlightened upon much that has puzzled him up to this time. It seems that Madame Cosquer's side of the house is noble: her father, the sieur of Kermartin, a Royalist, was killed during the first months of the Revolution, leaving his only child Mari to the care of her foster-mother, wife of one Cosquer, a fisherman at Pont Croix, which village is upon a stream not distant from Penmarch. The girl, growing up as a daughter in the fisherman's family, three or four years later became a daughter indeed, by marriage with one of the sons; and it was not until after her marriage, that through an old friend of her father's, who had made interest with the new government, Kermartin was restored to her.

All this, young Cosquer tells, while he and Austell leave the little inhabited village behind, and stroll on through the desert place of ancient Penmarch. In the deepest solitudes of nature, there is no sense of loneliness half so profound as in such a scene as this, where life has been and has passed away, leaving behind but a gaunt skeleton. The mere paths crossing the flat waste, and bearing still the busy names of old—"Street of the Merchants," of "The Silver-smiths"—stretch bare and bleached among fallen walls which once made a miniature fortress of each separate house with its court and belfry-topped round tower from which to sound a warning of invasion. For Penmarch once was fair and rich, the coveted prey of Saxon marauders, till at last she was laid utterly waste by one of her own Breton countrymen, that chief of bandits, Fontenelle the Leaguer. The name is still a threat and terror to naughty children on these coasts, even in this third century after his bloody exit from the stage where he and that sworn ally of his, the Black One, stalked to and fro together, young Cosquer affirms. Penmarch was not the only town in this vicinity that suffered from him; at Pont Croix, upon the other side of the bay, amidst a general massacre, a Cosquer, recteur there, was murdered—

So the "aristocracy of the stole" appears to be hereditary in the family? Austell is beginning some remark upon it, when he sees why his guide's speech broke off so suddenly.

They have come round the wall of "Notre Dame de la Joie," in view of an ancient wayside cross, under which is sculptured a rude Descent, the sorrowful Mother supporting the Dead Christ, the other Maries standing weeping by. But it is not upon this group that the young clerk's eyes are fixed, but on two living figures before it, whose faces are turned from Austell as they front the cross. The one is an old woman, bent and worn, and leaning on the white beggar's staff. The beggar's wallet is strapped across her shoulders, and her whole wretched appearance,

her dingy dress and brown kerchief knotted over her head, are an ugly contrast to the gay fête-dress and snowy coif of the young woman—

Ninorch? Is it Ninorch who lays her hand on the bent shoulder, who stoops, speaking some words which Austell sees from her gesture to be eager and earnest, though they do not reach him here. The woman to whom she speaks shows uneasiness, a half-angry reluctance; but the girl persists; and presently, under the weight of that light hand, the woman sinks slowly on her knees—bowed down, crouching, at the foot of the cross.

Austell looks round at his companion, but does not catch his eye, only sees him with a rapid gesture cross himself, then beckon, and pass round the church wall out of sight of the cross. Austell follows, with one involuntary backward glance at the two kneeling figures there. Does the young clerk understand the scene?

He makes no reference to it until some while later. They have wandered on, and are standing before the massive portal-arch of one among the least ruinous of the ancient fortified houses. Austell is gazing at the eagle-mounted shield upon it, and trying half-absently to decipher the date 14—, when the kloarek breaks the silence.

"It was like a miracle!" he says, in a suppressed voice; and Austell, glancing round at him, sees that his face is white, with a strange light in it. "It is as if one of the blessed saints had caught the evil one on holy ground, and forced him to go through his litany! For the old woman there—the witch, the kakous—is one of his own children."

"The kakous?" Austell repeats.

"She comes of an accursed race of rope-makers and sorcerers; every pure Breton knows the Kakous blood is tarnished, and some say they were lepers in the olden time, when they were compelled to wear the badge of red cloth by which one might know them. Old Elen's father dwelt in the hut on the sea-cliffs over yonder, hard by the ruined chapel of 'Our Lady of Hate.' It was called so by poor wretches who did not know Our Lady is all pity, as becomes our Saviour's mother," he says, lifting his hat reverently at the mention of the Saviour. "But now and then some guilty soul would steal up there by night, when the sail of his enemy's boat was fading out over the sea, and pray to Our Lady of Hatred that it might never put into port; and to make all doubly sure, would buy a wind from old Morvran the Sea-Raven as he was called. No doubt old Morvran made it surer still; for he was supposed to know far more than one would wish, of false lights kindled on the coast to lure ships to destruction. And they say Elen (she was a mere girl then) helped him in this; until one wild night her lover's drowned corpse was washed up on the rocks. Ever since then she has wandered about like a ghost herself. She has never set foot inside a church door, never heard a mass, never walked to a pardon; and I should as well have expected to see the Evil One himself kneeling at that cross, as old Elen the groach. It is like a miracle."

"I fancy more would be performed, if all saints went about it in mademoiselle's manner," Austell remarks, as the picture of the kneeling girl, with her hand on the old sinner's shoulder, seems to rise between him and the mass of crumbling, lichen-covered wall, which he is blankly staring at.

Young Cosquer gives him a quick glance, and his pale face pales yet more. "Ninorch is a good girl—a good girl," he says, and turns abruptly to lead the way onward.

The two might have strayed for hours through the ruined City of the Dead, which stretches between the two poor little fishing villages of Penmarch and Kerity upon the sea. But there is the Torche of Penmarch to be visited; so they push on, across the dreary plain, along a low coast line defended by black jagged rocks crowding together in wildest confusion, yet turning a determined front against the encroachment of the sea. This enemy of theirs keeps up a sullen threatening murmur, deepening moment by moment, until now the Torche breaks full upon the view.

A rugged pile of granite, splintered crag and shelving ledge—topped by an upright mass that stands like a gray bent Druid turning from the sea to look over yonder plain below, where the work of later generations lies in ruins, but the dolmens built by his have known no change; and the gigantic menhirs, when cloud-shadows veer over, might for an instant themselves seem gray wraiths of Druids stalking across the sands.

Austell stands on the brink of the great chasm splintering the Torche—the "Monk's Leap" of some Irish saint who landed here ages ago. Below, through jagged rocks and deep, mysterious clefts, fringed here and there with seaweed, foams and moans and gurgles the white sea, now struggling brokenly, then again falling down with headlong rush and sweep into some sudden pit, where a wandering sunbeam tries in vain to peer after. Some of these treacherous holes, like the Trou d'Enfer, have a ruddy glow of seaweed through transparent water; others shut their secret darkly in, and let one dream of caverns stretching far beneath the rock-bound promontory.

Austell might have been dreaming, from the dazed look in his eyes just now, as, turning to glance along the rugged coast-line, he catches sight of a figure moving on a ledge that hangs precariously between sea and sky. It is a girl clambering this way, holding half-carelessly by the rock above her, or by a furze-bush creeping from a crevice, when the wind plucks at her, and some wave breaking below sends up a little shower of spray against her. Austell, struck by a sense of danger, is starting forward, when young Cosquer stops him.

"Ninorch has the feet of a fly; there is no fear for her. She is returning from the groach's hut. If messire is ready to go back now to the village—"

"Shall we not wait for her?" Austell says. He keeps his place, and evidently only as a mere form puts his words in the shape of a question, while his

gaze does not shift from the advancing girl. She has not yet become aware of any human neighborhood: her eyes, whenever she does not need them for the path, range dreamily over the far blue sea. But the kloārek's flash, with an angry glitter in them, upon his companion. His lips move; when suddenly the flush dies out of his face, and he says, slowly: "It is as well: you will wait for her here,—I will go back alone." And before Austell, struck by the strange ring in his suppressed voice, can look round, he has turned sharply away, and disappears among the rocks.

Austell gives little heed to him: it is enough to watch the approaching figure, which with a certain native stateliness through all its supple grace, comes lightly along the pathless way. It is a moment more, before, facing round at last, she has become aware of Austell's presence.

Even at this distance, Austell can see how a wave of color rushes up to her brow; and she is still flushed and embarrassed, though she walks steadily on, while he advances to meet her. But she says, carelessly, as he lifts his hat: "Messire has been finding his own way to the Torche? When I thought I had left him safe in my cousin's charge!"

"Your cousin? But I thought you called him brother."

Does the girl's color deepen again? She lifts her eyes straight to him, and says: "That shows messire has never learned the lesson all good Breton children—at least, the Kernewote children of this corner of Brittany—are taught to sing. The rhyme tell us to say: 'My brother,' 'my sister,' and 'you' to those that dwell in our house. And if Yvon Cosquer is not my brother, we have been like brother and sister under the grandmother's roof."

Like brother and sister. Austell gives a glance at her calm face, and remembers the eyes of the young kloārek. But all he says, is that she was right in thinking he had her cousin's guidance, for he only went away a moment before, when they had seen mademoiselle. Austell thought she would be good enough to resume her task as guide.

"But really there is no more to be seen, if messire has been to the Torche and over Penmarch," says the girl, just then springing down a rock, and overlooking his hand eager to help her. "And besides, the way has been long enough already, as messire will find by the time he has reached the village again," she adds, resolutely addressing herself to the walk back, and at no laggard gait. Indeed, Austell has some ado to keep pace with her in the downward clamber, until the level sands are reached.

There she pauses, and says: "If messire would like to see the lighthouse—"

"Of all things in the world."

She points him to the walls rising up amidst a chaos of dark rock.

"You cannot mistake it, messire, over yonder. And the way back to the village is easy enough: or the lighthouse-keeper will direct you."

—She is turning from him with a nod of dismissal;

but Austell keeps on at her side, suppressing his smile as she glances up at him askance.

"If it is quite the same to mademoiselle, I believe I would rather take her direction than the lighthouse-keeper's."

"Oh, quite the same: it cannot make any possible difference to me," she answers, with a prompt acquiescence which goes much farther than Austell desires.

It does not seem to make any difference indeed; for she is walking on, as speechless as if she had no other companionship than her own thoughts. The place is very lonely. Now and then a white seabird, or a dark-winged fish-hawk, sweeps a shadow, like a floating cloud, across the sand-reach, or the heathy knoll, or the vivid green salt-marsh over yonder. More seldom, in front of some poor hut built of carved stones crumbled from its fallen neighbor, that old fortress-mansion, a weather-beaten woman listlessly shakes out the sea-weed spread to dry, or a child totters up, munching away at its flat cake of black bread, and stares after the passer-by. But little breaks the hush, save the creaking cry of the sea-mew, and the deep reverberating growl from the Torche, that lessens as the two walk on. The barren plain, strewn with great granite boulders, bearing marks of having been, long since, the playthings of the waves, lies now behind; they are among ruins again, when Austell, impatient of the silence, inquires if Ninorch was at the midsummer fires last night.

"The fires of Messire St. Jean?" she corrects him. "No: but Anaik was. She brought me a twig from the fires; and if messire likes, I will give him a bit of it. It is the best thing in the world to guard one against thunder."

"I shall be infinitely obliged," says Austell, gravely. "I am horribly afraid of thunder, you know, mademoiselle."

"How should I know?" she says, quickly. And then, changing her tone, with a careless shrug of her shoulders: "Messire has forgotten the grandmother told him there are no dames nor demoiselles at Kermartin. We are all simple peasants."

"I have been hearing something of a family history," answers Austell. "From that it appears that there are dames and demoiselles at Kermartin—"

But she interrupts him impatiently: "Of course you have been listening to Yvon, who has a fancy, poor boy, for the aristocratic side of the house."

"Which you have not?"

"She puts up her hand with a repellent gesture: 'The grandmother made herself a peasant for love; but I for hate.'"

"For hate?"

She flushes, and turns slightly aside.

"Eh, but hate is a strong word, messire: I ought rather to say that the little I have known of that class, disposes me to be glad that we are peasants, the grandmother and I. And you will own that my experience, small as it is, has not been very different from my Cousin Madelon's, since you said last night,

it would have been well for her had she grown up a peasant at Kermartin."

A shadow comes over Austell's face, as at a painful memory. He does not answer her, but makes some remark, half-incoherently, upon a ruin they are passing. She pays no heed, however, to this attempt of his to change the subject, but strikes in, across his words: "I wish you would tell me something of my Cousin Madelon Boscawen."

He gives her an uneasy glance.

"What do you wish to know?" rather shortly.

"Why, look you, everything, *messire*," she answers, laughing. "Listen, I will put my questions one by one, and you are to answer so. First, then: What was my Cousin Madelon like?"

"I can hardly tell you." His speech is abrupt: it is as if the unquiet shade of Madelon had suddenly passed between him and all this summer sunshine.

"Was she pretty, then?" Ninorch persists, with a sidelong glance up at him.

Austell cannot well forbid the mention of Madelon's name to her cousin, let it jar upon him as it will. He replies reluctantly: "What was she like? Well—for all your marked unlikeness, there is something about you that reminds me strangely of the child, from time to time."

Does she resent the comparison, that she colors so high? But the next instant, she has swept him a mocking courtesy: "Good! Yet I would wish your other answers somewhat plainer, if that may be. But I am not surprised at your seeing a resemblance: the grandmother occasionally traces one to Madelon's mother. That, however, is an altogether different comparison, I fancy, from *messire*'s evasion. Madelon's mother was fair; the sweet wild honeysuckle, the Rose of the Wood, she was called—"

"Du Bois?" Austell repeats her French translation of the Breton word. "Then that is where old Martin got the name."

"Old Martin?—the name? It seems to surprise *messire*."

"Your Breton names are poetry," Austell returns, evasively; adding, to change the subject: "Is all the language so? I was born a hundred years too late, you see: if a century ago I had come over to your cornouaille from mine, I should have understood something of all your eager asides to the grandmother, Père Cosquer, and the Cousin Yvon. French is an extremely languid and uninteresting language, it appears."

She answers him with the languid indifference he complains of.

"You forget your own language in your country? But that is strange! And it was like ours? It may be, then, it was from *messire*'s country, a hundred years ago, that the invaders came of whom we sing in the Emgann Sant-Kast:

"The men of Brittany marched on; and as they marched they sang.

The Saxon foemen, when they heard the song, stood wonder-struck.

'Soldiers of England, fear ye, that ye stand so still?'

'If we stand, it is not that we fear; but we are Bretons, even as these.'

"I am delighted to hear it," declares Austell. "Then, being a Breton, ought I not to know something of the language of our forefathers? Will you not teach me?"

"*Messire* goes away to-morrow," says the girl, demurely. "And our Brezonec is not at all so easy. That is what strangers say, speaking of it as a blind man speaks of colors."

"But I am not so blind you could not teach me to see. If you would not let me stay at Kermartin like my Cousin John Boscawen, I could pitch my tent at Plonevez-Porzay, or Loc-Renan which we passed this morning, and come over to Kermartin for a daily lesson. There might be a duller way of losing one's time," he adds to himself in English, half under his breath, looking down into the face beside him.

It is raised with just a flash in the dark eyes, almost as if she could understand his meaning, though not his words.

"*Messire* would not find it worth his while."

"And you think you would not. But you do not know what an apt pupil you would have. Why, already I have learned the grandmother's name: *ma mammik*, you call her."

"Nay, but I call her mother," says the girl. "It brings one nearer, as it were. 'Grandfather,' 'Grandmother,' that does not always mean one who loves you, as 'mother' does."

"Perhaps you are right," returns Austell, half-absently, his thoughts straying off to little Madelon and her experience of life, as he finds them but too apt to do in the presence of this cousin of hers.

"And then, when you think you have learned '*ma mammik*,' what do you make of '*va mamm*'?"

"Something like a dismissal in French," says Austell, laughing.

"Ah, well, you see our Brezonec changes like that all the time. Perhaps in your language it is different?"

"Very different," he affirms. "Our '*my*' is always '*my*.' For instance, when we say '*my pretty one*'— By the way, what is the Brezonec for that?"

"*Va choant*."

"Well, you see, we would always say '*ma choant*,' and never give the pretty one permission to go and be some one else's."

"It is true what they say, then: that the English are constant, that they never change," says Ninorch, looking up full into his eyes.

Somehow, his falter before the simplicity of that direct gaze. He looks away from her; and as he looks, he is for the instant not sorry to perceive that they are re-entering the village, and that yonder, down the street, Père Cosquer is advancing to meet them.

"Yvon has just left us," he says to Ninorch. "He seemed to think it necessary to start for Quimper to-

night, instead of waiting for the morrow, as he had intended."

Ninorch makes some vague answer. She looks grave: does Austell fancy, relieved, too?

It is difficult for Austell to get from the girl anything more than an occasional "yes" or "no" in most indifferent French, all through the rest of the day and evening. It is not until, having declined for the night the narrow though cordial hospitality of the humble parsonage, he is setting out for the inn beside Ste. Nonna's Church, that he finds Ninorch for an instant standing apart in the doorway.

"I hope we shall really find opportunity for the lessons in Brezonec, after all," he says to her. "You have heard that Madame Cosquer is—unaccountably, I must say—unwilling to decide about receiving the inheritance which certainly belongs to no one but your family over here; and Père Cosquer does not give the emphatic 'yes' which you expected of him. So Madame Cosquer wishes time to think over the matter; meanwhile, she has been good enough to tell me I shall be welcome at Kermartin. You were not aware of that?" as Ninorch gives a start of surprise. "But may I hope you will not disallow the invitation? It will be so good for the lessons in Brezonec, you know."

She has mastered the blood that at first is coming and going fitfully in her face as he speaks. She says, demurely moving aside from the doorway into the room, to let him pass out: "It is not for me to disallow. Of course, it cannot matter to me." And then, flashing a quick glance of defiance up at him: "I fancy *messire* will advance so rapidly in our Brezonec, that he will soon have learned to say 'kenavo!'"

"What is the meaning of 'kenavo?'" Austell presently is asking the innkeeper. But mine host's French is not of the clearest, and Austell is left in a state of blissful ignorance between "adieu" and "au revoir."

CHAPTER XVII.

It faded slowly, the summer gloaming,

And stars peer forth at me, one by one;

Only the breeze through the lane goes roaming,

As here I lean on the stile, alone.

In the pasture behind me, the cattle lowing:

A silvery tinkling of bells steals here,

And the black, sleek kye browse impatient, knowing

Afar from the hay-field one step draws near.

I see how she trips o'er the short, brown stubble,

And throws back a smile at the gleaners there,

How her merry, bright eyes not a cloud doth trouble,

And the sun hath left heav'n to shine in her hair.

THE bells of the angelus are dying away over the hills; the shadows are flung quite across the hollow lane crushed down, as it were, into the hill-side. Half way up the slope, where the bank breaks away for a space, and leaves a glimpse of heathery field beyond, Austell Boscawen, stretched lazily

among the ferns, is just raising himself upon his elbow in a listening attitude. Presently, he reaches out at arm's length with his knotted peasant's staff, and parts the clustering boughs of alder and genet, for a clearer view.

Yes, she is coming; that is something more than the breeze astir among the tufts of heath that have a rosy clover bloom rusting off in the distance into brown. Here and there a golden beam of furze flares out like another ray of the level sunset that is drifting over the upland from Douarnenez Bay. But it is only a patch of the heath, which Austell's elder-boughs frame in for him; and over that patch trips the girl, a picture worthy of so fair a frame.

He waits until she stands almost above him, pushing back the hedge-row boughs. And then he silently puts out his hand to her, to help her down.

She must have been well used to such an apparition lurking in these shadowy ways; for though she starts, she accepts his presence as a matter of course, though not his hand. She takes a little run down the steep bank, and stands below in the lane, looking up at him and laughing. But he is evidently rather more annoyed than amused, as he joins her there.

"I never saw any one with such an aversion to being helped in any way. I thought women were naturally dependent."

"Eh, that may do very well for your fine ladies," says Ninorch. "But what becomes of us other peasants?"

He does not answer her. He is saying instead, impatiently: "Why didn't you tell me you were walking over to Loc-Renan this afternoon? You can't conceive how I have been—ennuyé, you would call it, but I can tell you the English 'bored' is a much stronger word, and expresses my state far more correctly."

They are walking side by side, Austell and Ninorch, she carelessly, scarcely turning to answer him: he glad of her averted face which he is watching with interest.

"Are you not a little bo—how do you call it?"

"Bored?"

"Well, are you not bored by staying here?" she asks, hesitating over the difficulty presented by the foreign word.

"Bored by staying here? why should I be?"

"Because it must be so different from your mode of life at—what do you call your home?"

"Dinglefield."

"But yes, it must be very unlike Dinglefield here."

"May not the very change be a pleasure to me?"

"Perhaps," somewhat doubtfully. "Yet what do I know? I thought only girls like myself liked change. That men are steadfast to a purpose."

She says this a little mockingly, as if she did not believe her own words.

"So we are," replies Austell, rousing himself to be more attentively on his defence, as he detects the mocking tone in her voice. "But we are not always bound to confess what our purpose is."

"Confessions are always odious," Ninorch says,

quickly, then adds, indifferently: "One can guess very easily why you stay here."

"Can one?" repeats Austell, a little softly.

"Certainly; it is something about my cousin's money."

"But that is not altogether it."

"Not altogether?" Ninorch repeats, and looks up into his face.

The look, brief as it is, brings a rosy flush to her cheeks, and she turns away her eyes. "I cannot conceive what else can keep you," she says, petulantly.

"Can you not?" he asks. "Are Breton girls so unsophisticated?"

"Breton girls are wise," she answers. "They know the fine words of a stranger are loaded with meaning, as a frog with feathers."

"I am not a stranger, but a kinsman. At least I was to your cousin."

"She may have had faith in you, since she knew you so well. But I—"

"You have only known me for a short time, you would intimate. We can learn much in a limited space of time."

"If we are studiously inclined," she adds, with a little shrug.

"Or interested," Austell remarks.

Ninorch nods an assent.

She is growing uneasy under his steadfast gaze; and so she stops just there, at the opening of a crossway into the road, and leans her arms upon an ivy-grown pile, apparently the fragment of a stone wall, but really the base of one of those many wayside crosses thrown down by the Revolutionary bands that overran Brittany from "France." Ninorch pauses there, and points out, in the widening of the level ground, a pool half choked with lilies and yellow iris.

Austell also stops, and looks as she directs; for he can no longer see her face. He has no care for water-lilies. Yet if they can make her turn again—

It is but a moment, when he comes back to her with a handful of wet bloom. He watches her while she is shaking out the tangle, smoothing buds and blossoms out on the stone wall. After a pause:

"Ninorch," he says, "tell me something of yourself. Have you always lived here?"

"Where else should I have lived?" she answers, a little sharply. "Where, but with my grandmother?"

"Yes, I understand. Perhaps you have told me before. But you should not mind my asking some question, no—"

"I hate questions," she interrupts him to say, decidedly. "And why should we trouble ourselves with the past, when the present—"

"Well, after all, the present is not so inexhaustible that it will furnish us with unlimited conversation."

"If it is not of enough interest to you, you can tell what you please of your own past. I promise you at least to listen with patience."

"How magnanimous!" Austell says, laughing.

"But I like a fair barter, and somehow I am more interested in you than I am in myself."

"And you expect me to make the same confession?"

"I should be immensely flattered if you could with any truth," admits Austell.

"Then you will tell me—" she begins, eagerly.

But Austell interrupts her. "I will tell you nothing until we enter into some rule for our barter. Every question you ask, and I answer honestly, I have a right to ask one in my turn, and expect to be dealt fairly with."

"Why do you suppose I wish to ask any?" Ninorch says, curtly. "As to the life here—does not every day seem alike?"

"I do not mean such questions; of course I do not look for any event in your life. But tell me one thing, Ninorch, do you never weary of the routine? Do you never desire to see more of the world than you can manage to in this remote corner of the globe?"

"The world," she repeats, with contempt. "It is not different from the life we see here."

"Somewhat different," asserts Austell.

"I do not believe it," Ninorch says, with energy.

"But you cannot give an opinion on what you confess yourself ignorant of."

"Are you not a little quick to turn my confessions, as you call them, on me? One does not like having one's own weapons used to fight against one."

"Nevertheless, it is legitimate warfare," says Austell, smiling.

Ninorch does not answer at once. She folds one hand over the other as they lie on the top of the stone wall, and looks straight before her. Austell contents himself with resting his elbow on the same wall; and leaning slightly forward by that help, he looks down into her face.

"I fancy it does not make very much difference as to the places we live in," Ninorch says, after a time.

"The most part have much the same story to tell, of losses or gains. No life can be free from both."

"But what we consider losses or gains may be widely different," suggests Austell. "You and I, for instance, must have very dissimilar experiences."

"Have we?" she asks, quickly. "Why do you judge so?"

"Because I am very sure that, stern and unrelenting as father Time is always represented to be, he could not have the courage to deal roughly with you."

"How much you know!" Ninorch says, admiringly, yet in her heart resenting the well-worn compliment. "Yet, with all your wisdom, it would be safer not to make inferences. It is always best to keep to the present, for of that alone one can have a perfect knowledge."

"I am willing enough to keep to the present," Austell says. "Indeed, I am willing always to keep to it just as it is, for I am sure that the future can have nothing in store for me that I will like so much."

"You like cheap pleasures," replies Ninorch. "Pleasures that no one is too poor to enjoy. A little sunshine, and a good road to walk on."

"You say nothing of my companion."

"That you must say," returns Ninorch, carelessly. "It may be something, for no doubt you wish to keep yourself in the practice of making fine compliments."

"Whatever I say, it will be the truth," replies Austell, eagerly.

"That goes without telling. At all events, it will be the truth for the time. You can say I am pretty, but that will not prevent your saying to some one else: you are prettier than Ninorch."

She is looking up into his face, and laughing. She might have known him all her life, one might think from the freedom with which she is speaking to him. Austell is not sure he would not prefer her being somewhat more coy. But then he must make allowance for her foreign birth and breeding.

"I shall never see any one prettier, nor one—"

Austell lays his hand on Ninorch's which are folded together on the wall. He wishes to detain her, for a slight movement of hers when he begins to speak, leads him to think she is going. But Ninorch does not move, nor even notice his light touch.

"You *shall* not see," she interrupts. "Then you have seen some one prettier."

"No, I never have," protests Austell.

"Are the English girls so very ugly?" asks Ninorch, with a wicked little laugh.

"On the contrary, there is much beauty among them. But they are very unlike you, and—may I make a confession which may seem irrelevant?—I have never been in love with any one in my life, until—"

"I wonder you have not tried it, if only for the pastime," recommends Ninorch.

"But it is dangerous pastime. One might grow frightfully in earnest."

"But no, not with a moderate amount of care. The crooked little tailor usually manages these things in our parish, you must know: but I have had a few lovers who spoke to me, too, and when I would not listen, I fancy they have told the next girl just what you say: 'I have never been in love in my life until now.'"

She mimics his tones as she repeats his words, which nettles Austell.

"You should be more accurate when you quote. That last word was your own addition," he observes, coolly.

For a moment she blushes furiously and seems embarrassed, and Austell repents pointing out her mistake. But her confusion does not last.

"Pardon me," she says, with a shrug. "I thought you were following my advice to keep yourself in train. I did not know you were giving solemn facts. You English are always in earnest, are you not? Even your compliments are freighted with heavy meaning. That is what they say of you: but you say they make a mistake."

"I say nothing of the kind. If you will only wait and hear me," Austell puts in, quickly.

"As if I could help waiting when you detain me!" She pretends to misunderstand him, glancing down at her hands hidden under his clasp.

"I mean if you would give me opportunity to speak. To explain what I really mean."

"You would hint that I talk too much? That, I know, is a bad habit of mine, and one which I do not intend to correct. I do not see why the birds sing until they are tired, and I must be silent against my will."

"Heaven forbid. I am sure I could listen to you all day," Austell says, with unctious.

"You speak gold. But one must not be tried to the uttermost. Besides, it is interesting to hear one talk, who has had no experience in love-making."

"There again you misquote. I simply said I had never been in love before—"

"I see the difference," Ninorch interrupts him, and turns suddenly to face him. "You have made love, and all the time you did not feel it."

"If I have, what do you care?" asks Austell, coolly, inwardly pleased with the unwonted warmth and interest she is now exhibiting.

"What do I care?" she repeats, slowly. "Nothing, of course. Only," she adds, drawing her hands from his clasp, and looking him steadily in the face, "I have always had a pity for any one who is mocked: and there is no more bitter mockery, than to make one believe one is loved, when one is not."

"Are you not a little hard on me?" Austell says, as Ninorch walks away and he follows her. "You take it for granted that I was altogether in the wrong. You never do me the grace to suspect that circumstances may be hard on me."

"I do not care to hear anything more," Ninorch says, brusquely. "Why should I?"

"You might wish to be just in your opinion of me."

"Have you been so liberal of justice all your life, that you can demand it at the hands of others?"

"No," Austell replies, a little humbly. "But at least that is not a question between you and me. You cannot tax me with harshness."

"I would not if I could," Ninorch returns, and walks on silently.

There is a moment's pause; and then: "Ninorch," he says, with an effort, "I will not let you judge me without hearing me. Can you not understand? There was no deception in the matter: if not self-deception. Madelon—it was so easy for me to mistake the old tenderness for the little playmate, for love."

"And you found out your mistake? Ah, yes, that is so easy, too."

"You are not overjust," he says, stung to the quick by her mocking tone. "I would not have found out my mistake: or if I had, she would never have suspected it, if she—"

"Eh, well, if she?"

But Austell has changed his mind. Not even to

right himself, will he bare Madelon's guilt to this mocking girl.

"Let it pass," he says, shortly. "If it pleases you to judge me harshly, be it so."

She glances up at him; a rare softness comes into her face, into her voice.

"It does not please me to judge you harshly."

"Ninorch!"

But she shrinks back a little from his sudden eager turning to her. She only says, letting her eyes fall on the ground: "I would willingly hear you justify yourself. What did she do, that you pause over that 'if'?"

"I do pause over it, Ninorch. The poor unhappy child is dead. Let us cover her fault, as if we drew her winding-sheet over."

The girl's eyes are flashing, and she confronts him almost fiercely: "Take care that you are not drawing the winding-sheet over a lie!"

"What do you mean?"

"I mean it is but fair to make sure what it is that you are burying in oblivion. If the girl is innocent—"

"She cannot have been innocent. That is to say, if innocence is in thought as well as deed. The guilt of the doing was mercifully spared her."

"But the guilt is in the thought."

He does not answer her; and for a moment more they walk on in silence. His eyes are on the ground, and he does not raise them when she speaks again, quite calmly this time.

"You asked me the other day, Messire Austell, how I was not afraid to visit the old groach at Penmarch, suspected as she is of so many crimes. I think I did not answer then; but now I would just say that there is something terrible to me in the suspicion that thrusts one apart, that brands one—Cain was branded, indeed, but by the hand of God, who knew his guilt."

The girl is flushed, breathless, almost panting with the hurried vehemence of those last words. There is a glitter in her dark eyes as of some hunted creature at bay. But though they are fixed on Austell, he does not see, keeping his still upon the ground.

"It is terrible," he says, ashen to the very lips, and speaking slowly, as if each word were a difficulty. And then, suddenly turning upon her: "God help me, would you make me believe I might have wronged the child like that?"

She is shaken by his appeal. He can see the color flicker in her cheek, although she averts her face from him. He has caught her hand, not in a lover's tender clasp, but with a grasp as if somehow she could hold him back from drifting on a dreadful uncertainty. It is only because he has grasped it so tight, that he does not know how she is trembling.

"I would have you believe—" She stops there to steady her voice, and when she begins again she is fronting him calmly. "I would have you believe whatever may be truth. I think you would wish to believe that."

"Yes." His voice is hoarse and low, but it is

steady. "The truth, even if it proved me false. More than that; if there were a doubt even of Madelon's guilt, I should thank God, though I could never forgive myself. But there is not a doubt."

"Will you tell me the story? How, you hesitate? But am I not of her blood?" she says, a smile just passing like a quiver over her mouth. "Shall I be apt to judge her harshly, do you think?"

It is a cruel story, hard to put in words. But if this kinswoman of hers should see in it something which Austell has missed? So he tells it, standing still there in the lane, not looking once at Ninorch, as they pause side by side. He has dropped her hand long ago, at Madelon's name; somehow it seems always to come between, to thrust these two apart.

As for Ninorch, after a little she has seated herself above him on the slope of the bank; she has dragged down a long branch of the wild honeysuckle trailing from the overhanging hedge, and is stripping off the leaves one by one while she listens. Her face is half veiled by the flickering shadows she has thus drawn down; but when he ends, she lets the branch spring from her, and turns straight to him.

"Has it never occurred to you," she says, very quietly, "that the girl might have been too hurt, too sorely wounded by your doubt, to have the heart to defend herself?"

"No one would have been mad enough never to deny an accusation such as that, if false. Why, who could keep silence under such a charge?"

"You may be right, you who knew this Madelon so well," returns Ninorch, yielding at once to his superior opportunities of judging. "You have not told me much of her. I fancy she must have had lead in the head, must have been cool and wise, that you should have such confidence in her being calm enough to defend herself if innocent."

"Calm? cool? But Madelon was a passionate little creature, impetuous and wayward—"

"Ah!" says her cousin, drily.

Austell looks fixedly at her.

"Does not the story seem only too clear to you, Ninorch?"

"Seem—yes. But I thought we had done with seeming; I thought we had done with the brand of suspicion which might be only a smirch left by another guilty hand."

"Another guilty hand?"

She does not answer him. She is stooping over the water-lilies on her knee, drawing deep draughts of fragrance out of their creamy depths. Are they lotus-lilies, that they seem to have lapped her in the careless mood with which she says, when Austell repeats his words: "Eh, well, what matter now? It is all so far away in the past; and one lives in the present, after all. And to right all the wrongs in the world, that is the sea to drink."

"Will you tell me, Ninorch,"—there is a sternness in his voice, for hers has a flippant ring to him—"will you tell me just what in the story makes you think that I have wronged her?"

Ninorch starts, and colors a little: is she angry at the rebuking tone? But her own is indifferent enough, as she rejoins: "Ouaia! what have I said, then? She was my cousin, after all! As to righting any wrong, I was merely talking in the air: certainly, the story is clear enough against her, to all seeming. And then, when she is guilty in every one's eyes—"

Austell misses that keen glance she gives him, over her lilies. He is breaking in: "In every one's eyes? No, that she never was. Only Badger and Carlyon knew. Carlyon is dead—"

"And the cousin, the heir?"

Austell gives a short laugh.

"That was a grim jest of old Martin's, I fancy—that heirship. He told Badger, so I heard, that the moneys were scattered about, and would need some looking after: and to the best of my belief, Badger has never found anything, for all his looking, but a few shares in a ruined mine or two."

"Then—I think you said the land was left to you?—you are the heir, after all? For I suppose the real inheritance was in the mine: of which you remember you told the grandmother."

"No doubt old Martin thought so: but the lode did not prove to be a rich one, and his jest about his poverty came nearer the truth than he believed. I hardly think the mine would much more than pay for the working, after that burial in the sands. At all events, I have not had the means to try the experiment."

"But it might make you rich!"

"Not me. I have not touched, and would not touch one sou from that. The old man should have left it to his granddaughter, if he had not believed we would marry. Therefore the profits are not mine to handle."

"And so you have beaten the bushes, that we may take the birds?" says the girl, carelessly.

"I wish, Ninorch, you would try to make Mother Cosquer see what folly—there, I beg your pardon for the word, but it is folly to be still hesitating at the end of three weeks, over what it ought not to have taken three minutes to receive."

"The grandmother must always weigh everything in the balance of the sanctuary: she would have settled the matter long ago, if she had taken my advice, and not have detained messire three weary weeks."

"You know perfectly well, Ninorch, that they have not been weary to me."

"Messire is good enough to say so: and, it is true," adds the girl, demurely, "he has had the excursions to St. Mathieu and to Carhaix to break the monotony. But," she resumes, seeing he is about to interrupt her eagerly, "after all, you have not told me how the supposed heir bore his disappointment?"

"Why, the fellow had the wit to keep it to himself, and so married my pretty Cousin Louise, whose little fortune he thought larger than it was, but she thought needed patching out with old Martin Boscawen's unknown hoards."

"Married Louise?" The girl sits upright, speak-

ing eagerly. Then, when she sees Austell looking at her in a surprised way, she explains: "You know you have mentioned your Cousin Louise once or twice before, in speaking of Dinglefield. And—I fancied you would marry her."

Does the fancy account for her vivid blush? The thought pleases him: he is watching her eagerly, when, with one of those swift changes which give half her charm—just as across a clear sheet of water or a morning sky, the lights and shadows come and go, one knows not how nor why—she flashes out into a mocking smile, dimpling as she looks at him, and gathers together her lilies, and rises to her feet.

"So then, messire having received two wounds, just grazing the heart, has come abroad to see what change of air can do for him. Messire—"

"My cousin has been Mrs. Badger for upwards of five years: rather long enough to heal a graze, if there had ever been one," says Austell, in a short tone. "Mademoiselle reminds me, in mademoiselle's last speech, of the man who ordered monsieur my groom to tell monsieur my coachman to put messieurs my horses to monsieur my coach."

But Ninorch only laughs at the rude speech; while Austell does not smile, but walks on, flushed and angry, beside her, as she turns toward home.

Twilight is gathering; the lane is growing shadowy, with the hedge-row trees tangling across, far overhead. The twitter of birds is hushed; there is no sound, save that deep breathing of the bay, nearer and nearer at every step. The stillness and the dimness have made their impression on the two moving on together through them. Ninorch's face has lost its mocking look, and Austell has ceased to swing that pen bas of his so fiercely against the golden heads of such furze-bushes as have straggled down the bank. He is beginning to glance at Ninorch, and might have spoken, if at that instant she had not put up her hand with a "Hark, there!"

It is a clear, young voice sounding behind them somewhere, though the singer is invisible. Ninorch listens; then takes up the air. The distant voice chants on, alternate stanzas with her own, till presently she breaks off, to say to Austell: "That is the 'Children's Lesson'; it is a pity messire has been so idle, that he has not learned the Brezonec when Anaik would have taught him, and so he cannot hear how beautifully it teaches the children not to swear at the wicked cattle astray on the heath, but only to call them 'food for foxes, food for cormorants.' It is well to sing in the dusk: evil spirits when they hear are safe to pass by on the other side of the hill, out of reach of the good words. They do that in your country, too?"

Austell, smiling down into the naïve upturned face, is proceeding to explain the behavior of the Cornish spirits, when there is a rush of the "foxes' food" along the lane behind them, from the cross-path by the water-lily pond. They come scampering down here, a little cow heading the procession, followed by a small flock of sheep, mostly brown, and a gaunt black, genuine Breton pig, almost as tall

as a donkey. Quite as tall as the boy bringing up the rear with his shrill "Bait-hu, bait-hu!" which does not precisely sound as if the "Children's Lesson" had been perfect in patience. Ninorch, to let them pass, must clamber up the bank a little way; and though she does so unassisted, Austell considers his aid needful in descending after they have gone by.

Somehow, the light touch of her hand on his has brought him back to a subject of greater interest than the interrupted one of Cornish spirits. He asks, trying to linger until the small herdsman shall have passed round yonder bend, and left the lane to Ninorch and himself: "You have not told me whether you judge me less harshly now, Ninorch?"

"I—what is it that messire has said?" Her eyes are following the lad; and she does not appear to be listening to Austell. "I must speak to Lannik," she says, suddenly. "His mother has been away at Nantes, and the grandmother may wish to know—Lannik!" raising her voice.

The lad falls back at her call, and the two enter into a conversation in Breton, until within sight of the Kermartin walls. The lad's way turns off there; but, be the reason what it may, Austell Boscawen does not repeat his question.

(To be continued.)

THE STREAM AND THE SONG.

MARGARET B. HARVEY.

NONE heard the song that sweetly thrilled,
And all a poet's heart-depths filled.
'Twas like a hidden woodland spring,
Pure, sweet, and gently murmuring
Of when 'twould flow, in silvery tones,
Out to the world of weary ones,
Reviving, gladdening every day,
New beauties marking all its way.

A fiery drought devoured the spring;
The poet died ere he could sing.
Then, though flowed never song nor stream,
Were they but as an empty dream?
Look at those glorious clouds of gold!
They an ephemeral spring now hold.
It will in gentle dews distil,
Its mission silently fulfil.
May not the poet's song, then, be
Heard now in heaven's minstrelsy?
May angels breathe its tenderness
Through aching hearts to teach them peace?
Yes! and the poet knows his voice,
Though stilled, made many sad rejoice.

Thence let us draw this inference sweet,
God lays no stones to trip our feet!
Some glad day we may find it true
That we were greater than we knew.
When earnest works unfinished rise,
They may be veiled from mortal eyes,
But in tran-scendent splendor shine,
Completed by a Hand Divine.

THE CHANGED VALLEY.

BY JANE M. READE.

IN the peaceful valley,
Where the streamlet flows,
White-eyed daisies blossom,
And the violet grows.
Walking through the meadows,
Resting near the stream,
Held by wayward fancy,
Golden was my dream.

Through the valley straying
Once in after days,
Where the whirling water
Wends in devious ways,
I beheld a roadway
Winding through the grass.
On a bridge of cedar,
O'er the stream I pass.

Pausing then, I wonder
At the changes made;
Leaning on the railing,
Looking down the glade,
Golden dreams I dream not
As the waters flow,
Now in noisy ripples,
Calmer then and slow.

Fond remembrance lingers
'Mid the merry past,
Like the brooklet's murmur,
Silver-toned at last,
But the dusty roadway
Is an emblem true
Of the toilsome journey
Earnest lives pursue.

ABOUT FEELING OLD.—No healthy mind in a reasonably healthy body ever feels old. To feel old is to be tired of living. Wise men, whose years point that way, afraid of being caught feeling positively young, sometimes betray a sort of affectation in their assumption of the conventional worn-out, life-weary, septuagenarian tone; while in their hearts they say with the old divine that life is too brief a thing to feel old in, and "time itself but a novelty, a late and upstart thing in respect of the Ancient of Days." They thus pay a tribute to common sense, and acknowledge a brotherhood with the herd of men so disarming criticism.

DR. JOHNSON was observed by a musical friend of his to be extremely inattentive at a concert whilst a celebrated solo player was running up the divisions and sub-divisions of notes upon his violin. His friend, to induce him to take greater notice of what was going on, told him the performance was very difficult. "Difficult, sir," replied the doctor; "I wish it were impossible."

Religious Reading.

NO RELIGION WITHOUT JUSTICE.

FROM RUSKIN.

PEOPLE are perpetually squabbling about what will be best to do, or easiest to do, or advisableness to do, or profitableness to do; but they never, so far as I hear them talk, ask what it is just to do. And it is the law of Heaven that you shall not be able to judge what is wise or easy, unless you are first resolved to judge what is just, and to do it. That is the one thing constantly reiterated by our Master—the order of all others that is given oftener—"Do justice and judgment." That's your Bible order; that's the "service of God;" not praying nor psalm-singing. You are told, indeed, to sing psalms when you are merry, and to pray when you need anything; and, by the perversion of the Evil Spirit, we get to think that praying and psalm-singing are service.

If a child finds itself in want of anything, it runs in and asks its father for it. Does it call that doing its father a service? If it begs for a toy or a piece of cake, does it call that serving its father? That, with God, is prayer; and He likes to hear it. He likes you to ask Him for cake when you want it; but He doesn't call that serving Him. Begging is not serving. God likes mere beggars as little as you do. He likes honest servants, not beggars. So when a child loves its father very much, and is very happy, it may sing little songs about him; but it doesn't call that serving its father. Neither is singing songs about God serving God. It is enjoying ourselves, if it is anything; most probably it is nothing; but if it's anything, it is serving ourselves, not God. And yet we are impudent enough to call our beggings and chantings "Divine service." We say "Divine service will be 'performed' (that's our word—the form of it gone through) at eleven o'clock." Alas! unless we perform Divine service in every willing act of our life, we never perform it at all. The one Divine work—the one ordered sacrifice—is to do justice; and it is the last we are ever inclined to do. Anything rather than that! As much charity as you choose, but no justice. "Nay," you will say, "charity is greater than justice." Yes, it is greater; it is the summit of justice—it is the temple of which justice is the foundation. But you can't have the top without the bottom; you cannot build upon charity. You must build upon justice, for this main reason, that you have not, at first, charity to build with. It is the last reward of good work. Do justice to your brother (you can do that, whether you love him or not), and you will come to love him. But do injustice to him, because you don't love him, and you will come to hate him. It is all very fine to think you can build

upon charity to begin with; but you will find all you have got to begin with begins at home, and is essentially love of yourself.

You well-to-do people, for instance, will go to "Divine service" next Sunday, all nice and tidy, and your little children will have their tight little Sunday boots on, and lovely little Sunday feathers in their hats; and you'll think, complacently and piously, how lovely they look! So they do; and you love them heartily, and you like sticking feathers in their hats. That's all right; that is charity; but it is charity beginning at home. Then you will come to the poor little crossing-sweeper, got up also in its Sunday dress—the dirtiest rags it has—that it may beg the better; we shall give it a penny, and think how good we are. That's charity going abroad.

But what does Justice say, walking and watching near us? Christian Justice has been strangely mute and seemingly blind; and, if not blind, decrepit this many a day. She keeps her accounts still, however, quite steadily, doing them at nights, carefully, with her bandage off, and through acutest spectacles (the only modern scientific invention she cares about).

You must put your ear down ever so close to her lips to hear her speak; and then you will start at what she first whispers, for it will certainly be:

"Why shouldn't that little crossing-sweeper have a feather on its head as well as your own child?"

Then you may ask Justice, in an amazed manner, "how she can possibly be so foolish as to think children could sweep crossings with feathers on their heads?" Then you stoop again, and Justice says, still in her stupid way:

"Then why don't you, every other Sunday, leave your child to sweep the crossing, and take the little sweeper to church in a hat and feathers?"

Mercy on us, you think, what will she say next. And you answer, of course, that "you don't, because everybody ought to remain content in the position in which Providence has placed them."

Ah, my friends, that's the gist of the whole question. Did Providence put them in that position, or did you? You knock a man into a ditch, and then you tell him to remain content in the "position in which Providence has placed him." That's modern Christianity. You say: "We did not knock him into the ditch." How do you know what you have done or are doing? That's just what we have all got to know, and what we shall never know, until the question with us every morning is, not how to do the gainful thing, but how to do the just thing; nor until we are at least so far on the way to being Christian as to have understood that maxim of the poor half-way Mahometan, "One hour in the execution of justice is worth seventy years of prayer."

The Home Circle.

THE "HIGH BLUE."

WE all remember such June mornings. The crystalline purity and perfume of air; the summer beauty of leaf and blossom; the twitter and hum of bird and bee.

I stood by the oval flower-mound arranging a bouquet, when Master Harry appeared on the veranda and called: "What are you doing, mamma?"

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Turning the face of the bouquet Harry-ward, I replied: "Come and see." In a moment he was beside me. Beautiful, innocent childhood! Fairer than June mornings or blossoms is this lovely child. Of such is the—

"Mamma, I say, there's a long green worm crawlin' up your sleeve. Are you going to have a new dress?"

"Not that I am aware," said I, quietly snapping the worm. "But why do you ask?"

"Cause cook said, the other day, when a worm got on her green polonaise, that it was a sign she was going to have a new dress."

"Nonsense, Harry! what does a poor little worm know or care about Bridget's wardrobe, or the price of prints?"

"Mamma," said he, reflectively, "don't you think the flowers like such a morning as this? They seem to almost smile when the wind sets them dancing."

"They sleep and breathe," I replied; "so why not smile?"

He looked at me curiously, and, seeing that he was interested, I explained some of the curiosities of plant-life; their habits of rest and growth; the wonderful lung-cells or pores through which they absorb life.

He listened attentively, and then asked: "Weeds breathe, too, don't they, mamma?"

"Just the same as flowers."

"Oh," said he, with a little shrug, "haven't some of them *bad breaths*?"

Having finished the bouquet, we took the circular walk leading to the garden. There, peering through the fence, stood two little wayside waifs, with such a look of appeal in their odd, young faces that I paused involuntarily.

"Don't you wish we could have some, Mickey?" said the girl, and the longing in her eyes seemed to say: we are beggars, but not for bread. Why did "Kathrina" come to me for a moment like a voice from a cloud?

"Oh, not by bread alone!" the sweet rose, breathing
In throbs of perfume speaks;
But myriad hands, in earth and air, are wreathing
The blushes for my cheeks,
Ay, not by bread alone!"

"Let's ask," suggested Mickey. "Mebbe she'd give us some."

"Mamma, please give them our bouquet," whispered Harry, eagerly.

I was about to offer the flowers, when, to my surprise, the girl drew back, exclaiming: "Oh, not those! The high blue, please, lady; give us some of the high blue."

Following the direction of her glance, I saw a brilliant cluster of the tall, double, blue larkspur. This *fleur de jardin* which I had set aside as common was to them a "thing of beauty," and never shall I forget the joy and gratitude with which they received these simple blossoms.

Since that morning, the botanical *delphinium* has to me an added poetic significance in its quaintly bestowed title of "High-Blue."

MRS. C. J. BAKER.

FROM MY CORNER.

BY LICHEN.

No. 7.

"Abide with me: fast falls the eventide;
The darkness deepens: Lord with me abide;
When other helpers fail, and comforts flee,
Help of the helpless, oh! abide with me."

She sang it sitting by the window last evening in the moonlight, her dark hair pushed back from a broad, clear brow, and just enough light on her face to give it a delicate spiritual look, and brighten the tinge of sadness which always seems to hover around it. She sang with her heart in the words—this

friend of mine whose voice is soft and sweet; singing words that I have loved so long, with which I used often to soothe myself into quiet, repeating them when worn by hours of weary pain. Their flowing, rhythmic measure always calmed me, but I never heard them sung before.

"I need thy presence every passing hour;
What but Thy grace can foil the tempter's power?
Who like Thyself my guide and stay can be?
Through cloud and sunshine, Lord, abide with me."

"Cloud and sunshine;" the clouds were thick just then. It had been a day of unusual trial. The troubles of some dear friends freshly recited weighed heavily on my heart, a little misunderstanding with one I loved had vexed and hurt me, and being weaker than usual, bodily, my own inability to help others who were suffering, combined with these other causes to make me miserable. This hymn was just what I needed, gradually soothing and quieting my troubled heart. It was like a little morsel of "daily bread," where one was hungering for it! Ah! how much "daily bread" we need to strengthen us for all the little as well as the great trials of our lives. How much patience and fortitude for the constantly recurring cares, or the real ills which press heavily upon us; how much trust, when the future looks dark or painful; how much forbearance and charity towards each other's faults and failings, either real or fancied. And how prone we are to ask for it each morning, and then forget to keep our hearts open for its reception throughout the day. *He* is always ready to give, if we are in the right state to receive.

To-day, gleams of sunshine at am through the clouds, which are gradually dispersing. This morning I sat in the door a few minutes to gather what I could of fresh air and outside beauty, before the scorching heat came on. My eye took in a large sweep of landscape—always suggestive to a contemplative mind, and its meanings were reflected more vividly than usual in the glass of thought. Nature seemed so calm and restful, so grand, moving along in its steady, even way, while we, specks of humanity, fret and chafe over our little trials and troubles, as if each one of us were an important power in the universe, forgetful that in a few years we will be gone, and our earthly life forgotten as if it never had been. It is only the *other life* that is really worth caring much for, if we could but bring ourselves to feel so.

As I lay down again in my corner, too weak to sit up any time, but feeling quiet and peaceful,

"I smiled to think God's greatness flowed around our incompleteness,
'Round our restlessness, His rest."

Through the dead heats of summer, few persons visit "my corner," and very little of outside interest comes under my notice. It is too warm to work, too trying to my eyesight to read, and often I have nothing to do but lie dreaming day-dreams. Seldom of the future now, for I have so little idea of what it may be; but there are many pleasant pictures in the past, as well as some sad ones, which hold unfading interest, and the summer-time always brings them vividly back. Sometimes I seem to see another room in a far away place, where outside, along the garden-walk, tiger lilies are blooming, and a few crimson zinnias defy the heat. Through the half-open door-way, the afternoon sunshine streams, casting long, slanting rays along the floor. The only cool place is a shady window on one side of the room, where a wild rose-vine clambers, and hangs its young, graceful branches low across the open casement.

There, in the days this picture brings up to view, a young girl used often to sit, with her work or book in her lap, dreaming day-dreams of the future; for life was before her, then, and she imagined—for hope was an integral part of her nature—that it might some day be a bright one. But few of the dreams came true, and her happiness has been of a very different kind from what she imagined. Its source is from a deeper well than her soul had then fathomed. Incomplete as her life seems, imperfect, unfinished, yet it has held draughts of sweetness, which many an one more fully carried out, has never tasted. I read a little poem lately, called "The Joy of Incompleteness," which holds some such beautiful ideas on the subject that I must quote one verse here. I wish I could insert it all, but it is too long for me to take such a liberty.

"If all our lives were one broad glare
Of sunlight, clear, unclouded,
If all our paths were smooth and fair,
By no soft gloom enshrouded;
If all life's flowers were fully blown,
Without the sweet unfolding,
And happiness were rudely thrown
On hands too weak for holding—
Should we not miss the twilight hours,
The gentle haze and sadness?
Should we not long for storms and showers,
To break the constant gladness?"

I can hardly think we would wish for the storms; but there are certainly many little sweet experiences, tender or hallowed passages, connected with some of our sorrows, which we would not willingly have missed, or which have done us a good that will last all our lives.

One of my chief pleasures during this dull season, is that of getting letters. They are like the visits of friends—short ones to be sure, but so welcome and pleasant. Some of my old correspondents are gradually leaving me, and new ones taking their places. Hope writes *hopefully* of a time not far distant, when we shall see each other again. And I have had more letters from the dear, new friend, whose name has sometimes been seen in the "Home Circle." I call them my bright spots. One day, not long ago, three letters were brought me at once. I recognized her writing on one of them, and slipped it in my pocket, saying to myself that it should be a little treat to finish off with, as it was very small. The other two were such sad ones, my heart ached for the dear ones who were passing through deep waters, and for a good while my thoughts could only dwell on them. At length, when I had time to rally a little from the feelings produced by them, and felt the need of turning my mind towards something else, I drew out the hidden letter and opened it. Just a little knot of wild flowers, and a few loving messages accompanying them. This was all; but what a ray of brightness it threw across the gloom which it invaded. Something to cheer, something to remind that life was not wholly made up of troubles, but that shadows and sunshine are mingled.

Let no one say it is not worth while to speak or write a few kind, cheery words, or give a very little thing when prompted to sometimes, because it is such a trifle it may not be cared for. We never know, ourselves, the good such a thing *may* do, although occasionally, I grant, it may not be appreciated. I wish some of you could know this friend as I am beginning to do now. The influence of her bright, cheerful nature (which has stood the test of much suffering,) would be good for many. Such an earnest, Christian spirit shows itself in her writings, and I

am sure must permeate her life. She appreciates letters, as I do. "Blossoms growing on the vine of friendship, reaching from heart to heart," she calls them. Could anything be more prettily or poetically expressed? Oh! what magical power there is in a little piece of steel, and a few drops of ink, when those who have never seen or heard of each other in any other way, can, through that medium, learn to love. Strange that the link of sympathetic thought can be conveyed from heart to heart, on cold paper, without the aid of voice, look or tone, which lend so much meaning when we speak face to face. Explain if ye can, philosophers or scientists. I only know it is a grand and beautiful mystery—one which helps to show that there is a God whose ways and knowledge are above ours, and He has constructed our minds in this wonderful manner.

LAURA'S PIES.

"HOW is that, Cousin Charlie?" said a laughing girl at the dinner-table, as Mr. Welford passed his plate for a second piece of pie. "I'm astonished at you, as Aunt Nesbit says. You who have, to my certain knowledge, forsworn pies, tarts and everything of the kind for years and years, now eating two pieces of pie, and mince-pie at that. *Mirabile dictu!* Is it your doings, Laura?" "Charlie eats pie at home," answered Mrs. Welford, quietly.

"Should think he did," answered Grace; "but how is it, Charlie? Do you honestly think Laura's pies, and hers alone of all the world, don't hurt you, or do you like them so well that you're willing to put up with an after-piece of tribulation?"

"I honestly think they don't hurt me," answered Charles, with mock gravity. "I know I cannot eat pies as they are usually made, without suffering afterwards quite seriously; but I can eat Laura's, and never feel the worse for it."

"Even mince-pie?"

"Even mince-pie."

"Well—well, if you declared that Laura made the nicest pies in the world, that might pass," said Grace, with a slight toss of her pretty head. "But to fancy that other people's pies hurt you, while hers never do—just don't ever talk to me again about notions, that's all."

"I don't pretend to know *why* it is," answered Charlie, humbly.

A roguish retort was on his cousin's lips, but Mrs. Welford said: "I'll tell you the secret, Grace; it is a very simple one. I never use either lard or damaged butter."

"Do you mean to say you make your crust without any lard at all?" questioned Grace, in some surprise. "I thought everybody used it, more or less, in pastry."

"Yes; almost every one does. But we make our pies for company, and at Christmas and the like, with butter wholly; and for every day, for the children's lunches and so on, I often use thick cream, with a little butter. This makes a good crust for immediate use. If you want to keep the pies on hand for some little time, it will not be quite as tender as butter-crust. Sometimes I use thick, sour cream, with a trifle of soda and cream of tartar, and get a light, tender crust that we all like very well. I do not think Charlie is notional about it. How many, many people complain that pastry disagrees with them. I think oftentimes it is only the lard."

"Perhaps so," assented Grace; "but do you never use it in other ways? Have you given up doughnuts,

for instance? Oh, don't you remember grandma's doughnuts? Weren't they good?"

"Yes, I remember them well; and I remember, too, that though hers were usually fried in lard, they were not always. Sometimes she used beef-drippings, nicely clarified; and that is the way we do. We have our doughnuts, and fried fish, and oysters, and eggs, but never the sight or smell of lard in the house. Butter for griddle-cakes, of course, and some other things; beef-drippings for the rest."

"You don't believe in pork or sausages, I think I've heard you say."

"No, we are rather Jewish in that respect. I think there would be far less of dyspepsia, humors and scrofula about, if people dispensed with that

kind of food. Do you remember what old Dr. Gordon used to say, Charlie?"

"Yes, he was rather an eccentric man, Grace, and sometimes said droll things. One of his patients asked him if he might eat sausages, and received an emphatic negative. 'The devil went into swine once,' said the old man, 'and it's my belief he's never come out.' Laura thought at first that this savored of irreverence; but it does not seem so to me, and I do not believe there was any in the old doctor's mind. In his long practice, he had seen so much sickness and distress, resulting, as he fully believed, from the habit of eating pork and lard—the diseases that follow in its wake are so fearful; even cancer, that direst of maladies, not excepted—that he thought his language none too strong."

M. O. J.

Evenings with the Poets.

GOOD-NIGHT.

GOD keep you safe, my little love,
All through the night;
Rest close in His encircling arms
Until the light.
My heart is with you as I kneel to pray;
Good-night! God keep you in His care away!

Thick shadows creep, like silent ghosts,
About my bed;
I lose myself in tender dreams,
While overhead,
The moon comes slanting through my window bars,
A silver sickle gleaming 'mid the stars.

For I, though I am far away,
Feel safe and strong
To trust you thus, dear love, and yet,
The night is long;
I say with sobbing breath the old, fond prayer:
Good-night; sweet dreams; God keep you every-
where! *The Churchman.*

THE NORTHERN FARMER.

BY JOHN G. WHITTIER.

OH, favors every year made new!
Oh, gifts with rain and sunshine sent!
The country overruns our due,
The fullness shames our discontent.

We shut our eyes, the flowers bloom on;
We murmur, but the corn-ears fill;
We choose the shadow, but the sun
That casts it shines behind us still.

God gives us, with our rugged soil,
The power to make it Eden-fair,
And richer fruits to crown our toil
Than summer-wedded islands bear.

Who murmurs at his lot to-day?
Who scorns his native fruit and bloom?
Or sighs for dainties far away,
Beside the bounteous board of home?

Thank Heaven, instead, that Freedom's arm
Can change a rocky soil to gold,
That love and generous lives can warm
A clime with northern ices cold.

OUTWARD BOUND.

FLOATING, floating, from dawn to dusk,
Till the pearly twilight dies,
And the mists float up from the sapphire sea
And cloud all the sapphire skies.
Floating, floating while golden stars
Seem to float in a sea overhead,
And starry lights from a sea below
Glow orange, and purple, and red;
Till we seem floating out from the sea of life,
The tempests of passion, the storm-winds of strife—
Out into strange, mysterious space,
Till God shall find us a landing-place.

Drifting, drifting to lands unknown,
From a world of love and care,
Drifting away to a home untried
And a heart that is waiting there.
O ship! sail swiftly—O waters deep!
Bear me safe to that haven unknown—
Safe to the tender love that waits
To be forever my own!
Till we drift away from the sea of life,
The tempests of passion, the storm-winds of strife,
Out to a haven, out to a shore
Where life is love forevermore.

Good Words.

JUST A FEW WORDS.

BY GEORGEIANA NOURSE.

JUST a few words, but they blinded
The brightness all out of a day;
Just a few words, but they lifted
The shadows and cast them away.

Only a frown, but it dampen'd
The cheer of a dear little heart;
Only a smile, but its sweetness
Check'd tears that were ready to start.

Oh! that the rule of our living
More like to the golden would be!
Much, oh! so much more of sunshine
Would go out from you and from me.

Sow not in sorrow;
Fling your seed abroad and know
God sends to-morrow
The rain to make it grow.

Housekeepers' Department.

VENTILATING CELLARS.

AN unventilated cellar is a reservoir for the seeds of pestilence and death. Diphtheria and typhoid fever are not unfrequently the result of miasms accumulated in close underground apartments, where vegetable and animal matters are allowed to decay and decompose. Organic matters of any kind should never be kept in any room or place unless free and ample circulation of air is secured. The *Working Farmer* gives the following plan for ventilating cellars, which we commend to the consideration of our readers:

"A stove on the first floor may have a branch from its smoke-pipe passing down through the floor, so as to receive the top air of the cellar. This pipe should be slightly enlarged at its lower end, and it should be supplied with a valve; when the fire is being lighted this valve may be shut and afterwards opened, so as to leave sufficient draft for the stove. Thousands of cubic feet of damp air and foul gases will pass through the chimney from the cellar daily, and thus render it both clean and dry at all times. Every philosophical mind will see the truth of this statement, and at the same time must admit that where such an arrangement does not exist, that to a degree, at least, these foul gases must leak through the cracks in the floor to the detriment of the health of the inmates, before it passes through the fire into the chimney. Every chimney should be connected in some way with the cellar, so as to be used as a ventilator when required."

RECIPES.

PINEAPPLE PIE.—A cupful of sugar, a half cupful of butter, one of cream, five eggs, one pineapple grated; beat butter and sugar to a cream, add beaten yolks of eggs, then the pineapple and cream, and, lastly, the beaten whites whipped in lightly. Bake with under crust only.

SOFT CRUST.—To have a soft crust on white bread, just before placing the loaves in the oven, wet over the top with cold water, and as soon as removed from the oven wet again, both top and bottom, and cover closely with a folded cloth—a worn table-cloth is good for the purpose.

WASHING OIL-CLOTHS.—In washing oil-cloths, never use any soap or a scrub-brush. It will destroy in a short time an oil-cloth that should last for years. Use instead warm water and a soft cloth or flannel, and wipe off with water and skim milk. Keep the best of soap on hand; but by a fair trial it will be seen that full two-thirds more soap is used than is beneficial.

REMOVING PAINT STAINS FROM OIL-CLOTH.—A small quantity of soft soap and common soda, applied warm on flannel and carefully rubbed, will remove paint from oil-cloth, or, if not strong enough, a little (very much diluted) caustic potash will effect a clearance. The latter is very strong, and requires caution in using, not to burn or discolor the fingers.

Fashion Department.

FASHIONS FOR SEPTEMBER.

THE most striking novelty of the present season is the "fish-wife's" costume. It was first introduced as a child's dress, upon the children of the Prince of Wales. But it was so picturesque and novel in its effects, that it was not long before it was adopted for adults, and is now a recognized and an almost indispensable costume. It is, properly speaking, a walking costume, being made short enough to clear the ground. It is made of two contrasting colors, the lighter being used for the body of the dress. The bottom is faced upon the outside nearly half a yard with the dark material, and the upper edge of the facing is confined by a row of wide braid, with two rows of narrow at each side of it. The skirt, which is four-gored, is joined to the belt in the ordinary manner, with no fullness except the gathering across the back breadth. The waist and overskirt are sewed together, the waist being in Spencer style, having a plain front and back gathered to a wide belt. The under part of the overskirt being faced with the dark material, it is reversed and caught together at the back, much in the same manner as an industrious and tidy housekeeper pins up her skirt when employed in performing her daily duties. The idea is quaint, the effect attractive and

the process easily accomplished. Bunting and serge are favorite materials for such costumes, and Hercules braid trims them prettily. Linen and cambric may also be made up in this style, but not so effectively as worsted goods, and bands of the goods may be used for trimming, instead of braid.

The old-fashioned lace mitt has made its appearance, and promises to become a favorite. It is made in both mohair and silk, the intermediate grades combining both materials. Some of them half fingers, while others extend only over the knuckles, the thumb being the only separately woven part. For ordinary wear, these lace mitts extend about two inches over the wrist; but for dress occasions, where the sleeve is made short, they are worn much longer, sometimes covering the entire arm. Some of them are slightly ornamented with jet beads.

In Lisle thread gloves a novelty appears under the name of "lace gloves." They are simply lace-work from the hem at their wrists to the tips of their fingers.

There is a decline in the style of wearing back combs, and in their stead come long, fanciful pins, to confine the loose braids or tresses, at the back of the neck. These pins are made in coral, gilt, silver, jet and shell materials, and in various fanciful patterns.

New Publications.

Suggestions for House Decoration, in Painting, Wood-work and Furniture. By Rhoda and Agnes Garrett. Philadelphia: Porter & Coates.

A Plea for Art in the House. By W. J. Loftie. Philadelphia: Porter & Coates. It may be well, in introducing these books, to say that the Misses Garrett have established themselves in England as professional house-decorators, and have, in so doing, opened up a new branch of business. They are very successful in their occupation, and their assistance and advice are sought far and wide by those who would have their houses tastefully finished and furnished. The two books whose titles we have given, treat of similar subjects, and are alike deserving of examination. The book by the Misses Garrett is the most practical in its suggestions, and will be

found of real use. The second book, "A Plea for Art in the House," while it is worth reading, and will suggest many ways in which one can gather articles of vertu about himself, is not, strictly speaking, a necessity in this country, where old pictures and engravings, either real or counterfeit, are not so plenty as in Europe, and where it is possible that we do not value them solely for their antiquity, so much as do Europeans. The ideas of the latter book may some of them be open to criticism, but for the most part they are good, and will produce a desirable effect.

Saratoga. An Indian Tale of Frontier Life. A True Story of 1787. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Brothers. This is, as its title indicates, an American story, and belongs to Peterson's dollar series of novels.

Editor's Department.

The Church of St. Gudules, Brussels.

BRUSSELS, one of the handsomest of the cities of Europe, is noted for its fine cathedrals and churches. Among these, the finest is the Cathedral of St. Gudules, the foundations of which were laid in 1010, the church completed in the twelfth century, and the outside restored in 1843. This church is built in the pointed Gothic style, and has an imposing front, with two towers of comparatively modern date, rising on each side to a height of two hundred and sixty-four feet. Antwerp is distinctly visible from the top of these towers. Its immense bell weighs fourteen thousand, five hundred pounds.

The cathedral contains many richly-painted windows. In the principal window is a magnificent representation of the Last Judgment, the work of Frans Florins, a celebrated Flemish painter. The north chapel contains two beautiful windows by Roger Van Der Weyde. These windows are called "The Judgment," and "The Miracles." In this chapel are preserved three consecrated wafers, the history of which comes under the head of miraculous. These wafers, it is said, were stolen by the Jews in the fourteenth century. The theft occurred on Good Friday, and the Jews, to show their utter contempt of the sacred relics and of the day, stabbed them with their knives, when streams of blood gushed out from the wounds. The Jews, overcome by terror, fell senseless, and the Christians, at sight of the outrage, and the accompanying miracle, in their indignation, tore the flesh from the outragers, and burned them at the stake. Of this story, the truth of so much of it, at least, as the murder of the Jews, and the confiscation of their goods, can be vouched for. The wafers are still annually carried in procession with great ceremony, through the principal streets of Brussels.

The altars of the cathedral are remarkable for their number and magnificence, and for the excellence of the paintings which adorn them. There are also monuments of the dukes of Brabant, and other distinguished persons. The organ is one of the best in Europe, being remarkable for the strength and

richness of its intonation, and for its perfect union.

The pulpit of the Cathedral of St. Gudules is considered the masterpiece of Verbruggen. It is composed of wonderfully-carved groups of life-size figures, representing the expulsion of our first parents from the Garden of Eden. The pulpit is supported by the tree of knowledge, and above it stands the Virgin, holding the infant Jesus in her arms, while the child is endeavoring to thrust the cross into the serpent's head.

Mrs. Maria L. Child.

OUR readers will miss the pleasant little sketches of travel, history and domestic life which, bearing the signature of "C," have graced the HOME MAGAZINE for a number of years past, for the hand which penned them is still. The writer was Mrs. Maria L. Child, of Dunellen, New Jersey, to which place she removed a few years ago from Delafield, Wis. She was not only a woman of fine intelligence, but of high moral and spiritual culture, and greatly esteemed by all who knew her. She was born at Marshfield, Mass., in 1797, and was nearly eighty years old when she died. From an obituary notice in the *New Jerusalem Messenger* (Mrs. Child had been a member of the New Jerusalem, or Swedenborgian, Church for nearly sixty years) we make a brief extract:

"Mrs. Child's removal from this life was simply through the natural decline of advancing years, which began but a few months ago, and her senses were unimpaired to the last. A few hours before she died, she was speaking of the removal from this world of her sister's little grandson and her own granddaughter, and of the Divine purpose in taking into the spiritual world children and young persons, as well as old. She had not been confined to her bed, and undressed herself the last night as on all preceding nights. Soon after midnight she arose from bed, stepped to a window, looked out on the moon-lit garden, and returned to bed, making some pleasant remark to her daughter, who slept with her.

A few minutes later it was only her natural body that was lying upon the bed. Her few remaining old-time associates in the New Church, for whose notice chiefly this is written, know the incessant and cheerful usefulness, and the real love for the Lord and the neighbor that went with her into the spiritual world. Doubtless there is more love and goodness in this world because of her long life in it."

"Old Martin Boscawen."

AS this story progresses, its interest continues to deepen. The last few chapters are remarkable as well for their skillful characterization, as for the singular minuteness with which, as in a faithfully elaborated picture, the Cornish scenery, customs and local incidents and peculiarities are brought to the reader's mental vision. The story is attracting considerable attention from cultivated and critical minds as a literary production of a very high order. It will make reputation for its talented authors.

The Press and Temperance.

THE cause of temperance has heretofore found but few warm advocates in the daily press of our country. For the most part, its influence, direct or indirect, has been with the moderate drinker and the dealer. It is with pleasure, therefore, that we find an article so strong and outspoken as the following, which we take from the *Inquirer* of this city. On the Fourth of July the Catholic Total Abstinence Brotherhood dedicated their beautiful fountain in Fairmount Park, and presented it to the city. In referring to this fact, the *Inquirer* says:

"To a very large class of Americans, a holiday of any sort is a day of debauch. To them recreation means nothing if it does not mean dissipation, and hundreds of men yesterday looked on at the dedication of this cold-water fountain through eyes made dull and unsteady with drink. This morning, taking the country at large, there are probably two million distinct and well-developed headaches—not to mention the heartaches—resulting from 'the day we celebrate.'

"Whatever may be the differences of opinion among thinking people as to the true place and use of alcohol, there is absolute unanimity among the decent, the intelligent and the virtuous everywhere, as to one point, which is that, *as now employed among men, alcohol and its compounds constitute a curse of such all-pervading presence, such colossal proportions and such unspeakable evil as to threaten the very foundations of society.* It is quite within the facts to say that were society to suspend its constant warfare against the alcohol traffic and the evils it produces, five years would render almost any English or American neighborhood uninhabitable by decent people. *Nothing but the ceaseless labors of the virtuous part of any community holds in check the ever threatening tide of drunkenness with its train of pauperism and crime.* In Great Britain, where more than half the people are crowded into towns and cities, and subjected to the artificial and unwholesome conditions which such a life everywhere involves, the state of things is far worse than with us—though this is unnecessary. There, leading statesmen and dignitaries of the Established Church have been forced to give their attention and their time to the consideration of the drinking habits of the people. They admit that the unrestricted sale of liquors throughout the island is resulting in transforming the workingmen and their families into an army of drunkards and paupers, not to speak of the

inroads intemperance is making among the middle and higher classes.

"The fountain which now stands completed in Fairmount Park is a monument as well as a convenience. It is designed, and will forever serve, to remind the thirsty visitor and the curious passer that *human experience has proved alcohol to be unfit for common use as a luxury among men; that no man is for a moment safe who trifles with its malign power; that its moderate use is only yachting above Niagara; that to let it wholly alone, everywhere and always, will one day be seen to be the path of safety, of duty and of common sense.*"

IN Boston an examination of twenty-five thousand children showed that the boys grow faster than the girls up to twelve years of age, but then the girls take the lead.

Compound Oxygen as a Vitalizer.

IN referring to the curative value of the Compound Oxygen in our July number, we spoke particularly of the new sense of life and vitality which had followed its use. This effect has been produced in almost every case which has come under our observation. A very remarkable instance is that given by Mrs. James Niles, wife of a prominent lawyer in Urbana, Ohio, in the following extract from a letter written by her to Dr. Starkey, the original of which we have examined. After stating that her child, which from birth showed but little vitality, could not, when nine months of age, hold up its head; that when a year and a half old she was only able to sit alone; that when two and a half she moved herself for the first time along the floor, and for the first time held anything in her hand; that when about four and a half years old, on being taken to the seashore, she gained sufficient strength to draw herself up by the bed, or any strong thing, and stand for a moment; but soon began to lose this strength, and by December could no longer bear her own weight. Mrs. Niles adds:

"In February she was attacked with scarlet fever and was severely ill. A little before this time I had heard of the Compound Oxygen through a friend in Washington, and was preparing to take her there for treatment.

"As she was recovering from the fever, she had a large abscess upon her neck, which broke. This was followed by another and larger one on the side of the throat and under her ear. She took medicine constantly for it, but it kept increasing in size, and finally exhibited ten red spots.

"At this point of time I tried to have her inhale some of the Home Treatment, which had been sent to me, without much hope that she could do it. One inhalation caused the redness to disappear. The next one caused the swelling to disappear also. Her recovery was more rapid than I had ever seen from much less severe sicknesses. This determined me to put her under the Oxygen Treatment.

"During the very warm weather of '76, I took her again to the seashore; and about the middle of September, to Dr. Starkey, where she remained until the 1st of November.

"From the first moment almost of her treatment under the Oxygen the change was marked; first causing her to be quite sick, and then improvement going steadily on.

"For the first year in her life she has escaped violent colds, lasting the entire winter. She can now—June, '77—walk with the least support of the hand,



AN OFFENSIVE BREATH.

Among all the disagreeable consequences that follow the decay of the teeth, an impure breath must be the most mortifying and unpleasant to its possessor, and it is the most inexcusable and offensive in society; and yet the cause of it may easily be removed by cleansing your teeth daily with that justly popular dentifrice, Fragrant

SOZODONT.

It purifies and sweetens the breath, cools and refreshes the mouth, hardens the gums, and give a pearl-like appearance to the teeth. **Gentlemen who indulge in smoking** should cleanse their teeth with **SOZODONT**, as it removes all unpleasant odors of the weed.

SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS.

\$12 a day at home. Agents wanted. Outfit and terms free. TRUE & CO., Augusta, Maine.

\$66 a week in your own town. Terms and \$5 outfit free. H. HALLETT & CO., Portland, Maine.

PREMIUM OFFERING.

A Solid Gold Pen, DIAMOND POINTED, IN TELESCOPIC GOLD & EBONY HOLDER, GIVEN AWAY.

The Cut on the Left is One Inch Short of the Exact Size of this Splendid Premium.

THE GOLD MEDAL PEN CO., manufacturers of Gold Pens, Pencils, and Holders of every description, have made arrangements to give away one of the above splendid Gold Pens and Holders to each reader of this paper as a Special Advertisement Premium from this house. The article is warranted to be the very best of the kind made, the pen solid gold, diamond-pointed, with Telescopic Gold Case and Ebony Holder. Each Pen and Holder is put up in a water-tight Silver-Plated Case, which, when closed, is but 3 1/4 inches long, and can be placed in the pocket with perfect security against injury. The retail price of this splendid article is never less than \$5.00, often much more.

Every reader of this paper is entitled to secure one of these elegant and useful Premium Gold Pens on compliance with the following rules: Send your name, post-office, and express office address to the manufacturers, GOLD MEDAL PEN CO., together with 50c. to pay for Silver Case, packing, and express or postal charges. Also, with your letter, cut out and send the following Subscriber's Coupon, to show that the order comes through this paper. You will receive, by return express, or mail, if you have no express office, all charges prepaid in full, a Gold and Ebony Telescopic Holder and perfect Solid Gold Pen, with Silver-Plated Case, warranted to be equal to any \$5.00 pen and holder in the market.

Cut out this Coupon and send it to GOLD MEDAL PEN CO. for redemption. It is worth \$5.00.

On receipt of this Subscriber's Coupon, to indicate that the order comes through this paper, we will send, by return express or mail, a perfect diamond-pointed

No. 6 Solid Gold Commercial Pen,

With Telescopic Gold and Ebony Holder, in water-tight Silver-Plated Case, which we warrant is worth, at retail, \$5.00 as such goods are usually sold. In all cases this Coupon must be accompanied by 50c. to pay case, packing, and express charges. This Coupon is good only for 90 days. No Pen will be sent without this Coupon accompanying the order, except on receipt of \$5.00, the regular retail price. (Signed.)

GOLD MEDAL PEN CO.

It should be preferred, a Lady's Gold Pen and Pencil combined, screw slides, with Ebony and Gold Holder, of exact size of cut on the right, warranted Solid Gold and first class, will be sent instead of the Gent's larger size, on receipt of same amount, or for \$1.00 both will be sent. If the Gold Lead Pencil, with stone top, exact of the cut below, or the Solid Gold Ear- and Tooth-Pick combined, exact of the cut above, or the beautiful Charm Gold Lead Pencil, exact of the cut above, should be preferred, on receipt of the either one designated will be sent, or \$2.25 for the three. Either one of these articles, the Gold Lead Pencil with stone top, the Solid Gold Ear- and Tooth-Pick, or the beautiful Charm Gold Lead Pencil are warranted each to be equal to any \$5.00 article of the same kind in the market.

INSTRUCTIONS.

In all cases the Coupon must be sent. The 50c. cover all express charges to any part of the country, and the Pen will be delivered into your hands free of any charge whatever. Address all letters ordering the above Premium Gold Pen and Holder, the Solid Gold Ear- and Tooth-Pick, or Gold Pencil, direct to

GOLD MEDAL PEN CO.,

704 Chestnut Street,

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

The Compound Oxygen Treatment.

The virtues of this *Curative Agent* need only to be known, to challenge the confidence of all intelligent people.

Eight years of extensive practice with it, (our predecessor practised it for four years before,) qualify us to speak with certainty of its merits. We are confident that no other mode of cure can show nearly so large a proportion of chronic cases cured; and we defy any one to exhibit more wonderful cures than are numbers of our perfectly authenticated cases.

We can refer to many cases of, so called, incurable diseases that are now healthy monuments of what is being done every day; Consumption, Catarrhs, *Oxæna*, Asthma, Dyspepsia, Diabetes, and the most painful nervous disorders. Diverse diseases are cured by this Agent because, not being a medicament, but Nature's own Remedy, its sphere of action is universal; and being *Oxygen Magnetized*, it is the most wonderful *vitalizer* of the human body ever known.

Hence it is *invaluable* to the vast army of Convalescents from acute diseases. Thousands of these who are inevitably degenerating into fatal maladies, might be restored to complete health by the use of this Agent.

How very few ever recover from the effects of Pneumonia! and all for want of that vitalizing process which the Compound Oxygen would most certainly furnish. Thousands might thus be saved every year from the grasp of that fell destroyer, Consumption.

No conviction is stronger with us than that nine out of ten who are in the first, *confirmed*, stage of this malady can be genuinely cured. And yet, this Agent is no more potent to cure *phthisis*, than other formidable maladies. For the truth of this, we are permitted, by themselves, to refer to Hon. S. FIELD, Judge of U. S. Supreme Court, and his accomplished wife; Mrs. HALLIT KILBURN; Judge SAMUEL SMITH, New York; Hon. MONTGOMERY BLAIR; Ex-Governor BOREMAN, W. Va.; Hon. WM. D. KELLEY; Gen. FITZ HENRY WARREN, and many more of scarcely less note. One strong proof of the deserved reputation of the Compound Oxygen is the fact of the numerous imitations of it by irresponsible parties, and which they palm off as the same agent, under other names. They *do not* administer Compound Oxygen, and every such pretence is a fraud.

Our business is to make its virtues known, and available to sufferers. Therefore, let all invalids, even the most discouraged, send for our *Brochure* of 140 pages, which is truthfully written, and will well repay perusal. It will be mailed free of charge.

STARKEY & PALEN,

1112 Girard St., Philadelphia.

G. R. STARKEY, A.M., M.D.

G. E. PALEN, B.Ph., M.D.